ELEMENTS

OF

MORALITY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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OF

MORALITY,

FOR THE

USE OF CHILDREN;

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

Translated from the GERMAN of the

Rev. C. G. SALZMANN.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

TO

PARENTS.

THE deſign of this Book is to give birth to what we call a GOOD DISPOSITION in children: generally as the word is uſed, it appears to me neceſſary to aſcertain its real meaning. A good diſpoſition is, in my opinion, a ſuperior degree of knowledge: knowledge conſiſts in being acquainted with the characteriſtcs of things; but a good diſpoſition is not confined to a bare acquaintance with their diſtinguiſhing characters, it extends to their intrinſic value, and the effects produced by them, to which affection or averſion is, at all times, neceſſarily attached.

For example, give a child, of five years old, two round yellow pieces, marked with ſome impreſſion, the one a guinea, the other a braſs counter; ſhew him the difference between them; tell him that the former is of a clear, the latter of a deep yellow; that one has a fine head, the other a wild uninformed countenance ſtamped on it; that one is lighter than the other: the child has then acquired a knowledge of both pieces, which may be termed juſt. But afterwards only make him comprehend the value of the guinea—tell him how many raiſins and toys he can purchaſe with it; you have determined his diſpoſition; he not only knows the guinea, but he loves it.

Teach him that envy is the vexation which is felt at ſeeing the happineſs of others, you will have given him a juſt idea of it; but ſhew him its dreadful effects, in the example of Hannah, p. 34, Vol. II. who was ſo tormented by this corroding paſſion, at her ſiſter's wedding,

that

that ſhe could neither eat, drink, nor ſleep, and was ſo far carried away by it, as to embitter her innocent ſiſter's pleaſures: this repreſentation has determined the child's diſpoſition—he will hate envy.

An objection now naturally occurs to me, how happens it then that children remain indifferent, when the characteriſtics of envy are pointed out to them; and feel a degree of abhorrence, when they ſee a picture of its effects. The anſwer to this objection is very ſimple: we love what affords us pleaſure, and hate what gives us uneaſineſs.

As long therefore as I only know a thing by certain diſtinct characters, I remain indifferent to it; but as ſoon as I am perſuaded that it will afford me pleaſure or pain, I deſire or hate it. Suppoſe, for inſtance, that my ſon had never ſeen any grapes or winter cherries; I wiſh to make them known to him, and deſcribe in what reſpect they differ from each other, ſo clearly, that he can determine the ſpecies of plant to which they

belong; I might then, indeed, ſay, that he had a juſt conception of both; but would it make him love one better than the other? however, bring him ſome winter cherries and green grapes; and which do you think his inclination would lead him to at the ſight of them? certainly to the cherries, attracted by the red colour; but let him taſte both, and he will, probably, ſoon alter his tone, and aſk for the grapes.

To carry the ſuppoſition ſtill further, and taking it for granted that he had the next day a violent tooth-ach when the grapes and cherries are again brought to him, and he is aſſured that the former will cool his tooth and occaſion a very diſagreeable ſenſation, and that the latter, as they are often prepared, may, perhaps, ſoften the pain.—Which will he now prefer? undoubtedly the cherries. By this method it appears, that we may direct the inclination of a child which way we wiſh, if we only know how to make him rightly comprehend the pleaſure or pain which certain things will procure him.

What

What has been ſaid of grapes and cherries, may alſo be applied to vice and folly, to the love due to God, our fellow creatures, and ourſelves. If the love of God is repreſented as a deſire to do his will, and vice as a departure from his law, they may underſtand the meaning of both; but if an idea is not given them of the vexation which is inſeparable from the latter, and the pleaſure which reſults from the former, they will remain as indifferent as the child was to the fruit, which he only knew by deſcription. This is the reaſon, I believe, why many children, who have a number of fine maxims by rote, ſtill neglect to practice the virtues they can ſo well deſcribe; but when experience has taught them, they will continue to prefer that manner of acting from which they expect the moſt agreeable ſenſations.

Beſides, if I have rightly obſerved, pleaſure and uneaſineſs are feelings, and I conclude from this that deſire or averſion increaſes in proportion as the uneaſineſs

ſineſs or pleaſure attached to a thing is forcibly felt.

If, for example, to make a child have an averſion for idleneſs, I ſay to him, idleneſs, my dear child, is a vice: it makes a man diſcontented, injures his health, and ruins his circumſtances. This diſcourſe, I believe, would not have much effect; for the child cannot form a right idea of diſcontent, health, or circumſtances: but if I ſay to him, there was once a farmer, named Brown, who was a very idle man, and deſcribe him, as he is deſcribed in p. 114, Vol. I. I ſhall certainly give birth to a wiſh, at leaſt, not to be idle; for his imagination repreſenting idleneſs in ſo lively a manner, in the picture of Brown, he will feel the uneaſineſs inſeparable from it; but, ſhould I go ſtill further, and ſhew him Brown in the print, ſaying, now view yourſelf this poor wretch, ſee how he ſits there, half aſleep, as if he was ſick—how miſerable is his whole appearance! what a ſhabby coat he has on, and what

an object of compaſſion is the horſe! Seeing thus the wretchedneſs which ſprings from idleneſs with his own eyes, his whole heart muſt riſe againſt it.

After this explanation, I hope my deſign will be underſtood, when I ſay, that I aim at giving birth to a good diſpoſition; I have therefore, in little tales, equally marked the worth and effects of things, the knowledge of which is the moſt neceſſary for children; and endeavoured ſo to addreſs them to their ſenſes, that whilſt they ſtrike the imagination, they may be felt by reaſon. Beſides, I have placed pictures to illuſtrate them, that through the eyes, particularly, a more lively impreſſion may be made, and children led by their firſt ſenſations, to have for every thing the affection or averſion, which, according to its nature, it deſerves.

Some people may imagine that I have overlooked a few ſubjects. The omiſſion did not ariſe from forgetfulneſs. I had a ſufficient reaſon for omitting

them. I have not, for example, inſerted any tale to repreſent the uſefulneſs of magiſtrates, becauſe children are not in any immediate connexion with them, and during their infancy ought to conſider their parents and ſchoolmaſters in that light. In the courſe of the book, I have, however, I hope, treated all the moral ſubjects with which children ought to be acquainted, excepting one.

I would willingly have ſaid ſomething of chaſtity and impurity; for impurity is now ſpread ſo far that even children are infected, and by it the germe of every virtue, as well as the germe of their poſterity, which the Creator has implanted in them, is deſtroyed. I am thoroughly perſuaded that the moſt efficacious method to root out this dreadful evil, which poiſons the ſource of human happineſs, would be to ſpeak to children of the organs of generation as freely as we ſpeak of the other parts of the body, and explain to them the noble uſe which they

they were deſigned for, and how they may be injured.

I have converſed with the moſt ſenſible ſchoolmaſters on this ſubject, and they have confirmed me in my opinion; but I alſo know that my conviction will not have ſufficient weight with the public to conquer long-foſtered prejudices, and that many people would have been ſhocked at tales, which might early in life have accuſtomed their children to ſee the dreadful conſequences of incontinence; I have therefore been induced to leave them out, leſt my book ſhould be entirely uſeleſs to many parents and teachers.

Parents and teachers, I now preſent this book to you, earneſtly wiſhing that it may have a proper effect on your children, and that the peruſal of it may make them more obedient, complaiſant, induſtrious, patient, &c. But I muſt ſay a few words to you concerning the right uſe of it. I do not think that it will have much effect, if you give it to them

them to read just as they please, for they will naturally be so eager to come to the end of the tales, that the truths which they contain would be passed slightly over; they will suck of the sugar, and leave the medicine which it concealed behind. The hasty reading of so many good lessons must have much the same effect as those dry precepts, which many parents have a custom of continually repeating—none at all. When so much advice is given in a breath, and men are told at once, what they should, and what they should not do, they, in general, do nothing.

I would therefore advise you to relate them yourselves, but not for an hour together, in the cold tone of instruction, or your trouble and mine will be lost. Rather take advantage of an unexpected moment, after dinner, during a walk, or when the children themselves beg you to tell them something; nay, after you have began the tale, sometimes break off suddenly; they will entreat you to go on,

on, but you must not be prevailed on; and merely to try their patience, tell them that if they behave well the following day, you will continue the relation.

In this manner their desire to hear the tales will be kept alive, and the relations will appear to them to be a reward, which is always more pleasing to children than instruction. The tales must be told with warmth and interest, or they will have little effect; try to make them have the vivacity of plays, by assuming the voice and manner of the different persons who are mentioned; and, in the recital, do not forget the prints which represent them, for they will more deeply impress the truths they give life to on the children's minds, than mere words; and the questions which they produce will afford you a happy opportunity to discover whether they have comprehended your instructions; and to add many illustrations.

It would be uſeful when children committed ſome fault, to ſhew them the hiſtory, which repreſents the bad conſequences of it, or the excellence of the contrary virtue. But this muſt be done with great caution, for if the ſtories are told in a tone of anger, they will ſoon become diſagreeable, and produce a very bad effect. Wait then till the firſt emotion of anger is over, and when you are ſufficiently calm to ſpeak with coolneſs of the fault which the child has committed, point out the tale moſt applicable, laying particular emphaſis on the bad effects which naturally follow, not as a puniſhment, but as a conſequence.

However, though I am perſuaded that the recital of theſe tales in the manner I have recommended would be the moſt uſeful, yet I am afraid that many people, who have not the talent of telling a ſtory well, would find the attempt very irkſome, and I adviſe them to purſue another method.

Let

Let the children read the tales aloud, and after every two or three periods, aſk them ſome pertinent queſtions. If, for inſtance, a child is reading the tale, in which it is ſaid, that the poor are neceſſary to the rich, it may then be pointed out that health and every other bleſſing of life only ariſes from good conduct, and that all men are equal: dwelling on this circumſtance is particularly uſeful, becauſe children are apt to conſider themſelves of too much conſequence. — This method of making them read is alſo an excellent exerciſe to ſharpen their attention, and make them reflect.

But where ſhall I find, aſks an affectionate mother, a perſon who poſſeſſes ſufficient abilities to inſtruct my children in this manner?—Reſpectable woman, ſince thou haſt ſufficient tenderneſs and ſenſe to be anxious about the perſon to whom thou wiſheſt to intruſt the weighty charge of educating thy children, I approach thee with reſpect, and with

pleaſure

pleaſure offer thee my advice. The propereſt perſon to form the character of thy children, is thyſelf.

Your ſex has undeniably more tenderneſs than ours; your voice is, in general, more perſuaſive and ſoft, and more eaſily inſinuates itſelf into the hearts of children. They have a greater affection for you than for any other perſon in the world, and your vivacity and tenderneſs will enable you to give a degree of intereſt and familiarity to the tales, which a man who enters into the buſy ſcenes of life will ſeldom be able to equal.

To you does the pleaſing taſk belong of forming their tempers, and giving them habits of virtue; for as the ſight of your breaſt is a hint to you that you were deſtined to ſuckle your children, ſo is the conſciouſneſs of your abilities, and the domeſtic ties, which ſo firmly attach your children to you, hints from God. that the firſt formation of their character devolves on you.

If

If you have ſufficient reſolution to perſevere, you will be amply recompenſed for the trouble this employment gives you, and it will become, after you have acquired a taſte for your duty, your moſt agreeable relaxation. The ſociety of your children, which was, perhaps, ſometimes a little troubleſome to you, will ſoon, when you are anxious to improve them, become your deareſt enjoyment. You will drink deeply of that inexpreſſibly ſweet pleaſure, maternal intimacy, a cordial of which ſo many mothers only taſte a drop.

Your blooming, obedient, active daughters; your robuſt ſons, full of honeſty and goodneſs of heart, will procure you more reſpect than the moſt coſtly ornaments; and when you walk in their company in the meadows, you will ſee them free from the prejudices, faults, and cares, which in the houſes of your neighbours feed pale diſcontent and marrow-conſuming-grief; you will find in every word the expreſſion of in-

nocence

nocence, good ſenſe, and contentment—then recollect that you have laid the foundation of all this. Ah! what a thought: would you give it up for all the jewels in the world?

But if through particular circumſtances you are prevented from inſtructing your children yourſelf, I will give you ſome further advice: ſearch for a young man of ſound underſtanding and irreproachable morals, who has preſence of mind, who on obſerving a fine moon-light ſcene, is pleaſed without extaſy; who takes a part in the ſufferings of his fellow creatures, but at the ſight of their miſery does not inſtantly burſt into tears; who will not wrinkle his brow when the children play, but good-humouredly take a part in all their diverſions, and make their very toys inſtruct them.

When you have found this man, confide in him, and be not very anxious to know whether he is acquainted with Latin or Greek, but let him relate every day to your children ſome little tale, and

you

you will be aſtoniſhed at the effect it will produce.

It is not becauſe I have written this book that I expect it will do much good, but from the nature of things, for I cannot help thinking that it has advantages which the generality of books deſtined for children have not. If I do not deceive myſelf, it is calculated to catch their attention, and fix ſound principles in their hearts. A tone of command, which always gives to any thing good which we wiſh to inculcate a diſagreeable form, and to miſchievous tricks a certain charm, is here avoided, becauſe that even a good action, which would, perhaps, be done with pleaſure, becomes irkſome as ſoon as it is commanded.

Buy a boy a top, ſhew him how he may uſe it, and you will ſee with what pleaſure he will whip it. But command him to do it, tell him he muſt whip it an hour every day, and he will find

a hundred pretences to avoid the employment.

Place in a room a bottle of wine and another of water, and tell the boy that water is very wholeſome, and wine very hurtful to children. If he has not already been accuſtomed to wine, if the praiſes of ſome grown up people have not excited a deſire to drink it, he will not have any inclination to taſte the wine; but, if in a tone of command he is told that he muſt not drink it, he will inſtantly long for it, and as ſoon as he is alone begin to ſip it.

Laws may indeed engage men to do good and to avoid evil, with reſpect to exterior acts, but they will never make them love virtue or hate vice. On that account, in this little book I tried to avoid every thing which appears like laws or commands. It does not ſay to children you ſhould not be extravagant;—love your parents, &c. but it makes them forcibly feel the bad conſequences of extravagance, the happineſs

of

of having parents; and this conviction will lead them to hate prodigality, and love their parents.

Though this book does not ſpeak of Jeſus Chriſt, it nevertheleſs contains the holy doctrines which he came to promulgate; and one of his principal employments, when amongſt us, ſeems to have been to redeem us from the law. By the precepts which he has given to men he wiſhed to lead them to virtue and to avoid vice, not becauſe he has commanded the former, and forbidden the latter, but becauſe they are perſuaded that there is an eſſential difference between them, one being conducive, and the other injurious to our happineſs, conſequently that one ought to be loved, and the other hated.

For this reaſon, in many paſſages of the holy ſcriptures, I ſuppoſe the word faith only to mean a conviction that one action is good and another hurtful; and, when the apoſtle ſays, that whatever does not proceed from faith

is ſinful, he ſays nothing more, in my opinion, than ſimply this, that whatever is not done through conviction is ſinful: again, when it is aſſerted that faith only gives merit to our actions before God, this is merely ſaying, as it appears to me, that our actions only pleaſe God, when we do not do them becauſe they were commanded, but through a conviction that they are good and conformable to his wiſe deſigns.

When children have been ſufficiently inſtructed in the principles contained in this book, you may ſpeak to them of Jeſus Chriſt, of his perſon, his doctrines, and his death. You have now prepared the way to their hearts—the vallies are exalted—the mountains laid low—and that which was crooked made ſtraight; that is to ſay, thoſe prejudices and bad habits, which create a repugnance againſt the doctrines of the goſpel, have been prevented from taking root.

I ought not, however, to forget a very important remark,—this book can only

only lead children to love good and hate evil; but they are ſtill far from practiſing virtue, and avoiding vice. When, for inſtance, I make children comprehend how excellent early riſing is, I can make them love it, but if I do nothing more, they will certainly ſleep in the morning till the ſun ſhines on their beds.

To practice good and avoid evil, the mind muſt be ſtrengthened, and good habits acquired, for without them affection or averſion will not be ſufficient to produce active virtue. A whole volume might be written on this ſubject, but I will reſtrain my pen, and only give the two following rules: when I have leiſure I ſhall probably treat the ſubject more at large.

Firſt, conſtantly procure for your children opportunities to gratify the good inclinations which your narrations have excited. You have, for example, excited in your children a deſire to obey you; you muſt, therefore, in order to

lead them daily to practiſe obedience, ſometimes command them to do a thing without telling them why, and ſometimes to give up what is dear to them, making them always forcibly feel, that they act wiſely when they obey; for every virtue is a habit, and habits can only be acquired by exerciſe.

Secondly, always judge and act as you would wiſh your children to do, for children have more faith in your actions than in your words. If one contradicts the other, they will no longer believe your words, but imitate your actions. You may have ſhewn them the deformity of anger, but if on every trifling occaſion you ſuffer yourſelf to be carried away by paſſion, and in your heat uſe improper expreſſions to your friends and ſervants, children will not believe that anger is ſo very hateful, when their parents are ſubject to it. Experience has convinced me that children catch their faults from their parents and ſervants, and in education a good

foun-

foundation is laid when they are not taught to do ill.

Receive now, reſpectable parents, this Book, with my ſincere wiſh that it may produce much comfort in your families. Great, inexpreſſibly great would be my reward, if it proves half as uſeful as I intended it to be.—If it prevents, or roots out of our little poſterity, the number of prejudices which prey, like poiſonous inſects, on human happineſs,—if it excites in them a love for virtue, and a deteſtation for every thing mean and vicious,—if it twiſts the relaxed band between parents and children, and gives the former a taſte for the ſweeteſt of all enjoyments which God has ſent us—a taſte for domeſtic pleaſures. Thoſe which are fought for from home, are moſtly coſtly, and produce trouble and wearineſs of mind, and weakneſs and pain of body; on the contrary, the felicity which is enjoyed in the boſom of our families is always within

our reach, and healthful both to the mind and body. Without domeſtic happineſs no other joys are able to procure us laſting ſatisfaction or tranquillity, but when this is ſecure, all others pleaſe.

A SKETCH OF THE SUBJECTS TREATED OF IN THIS BOOK.

THE design of this Book is to produce in children a good diſpoſition, or what is much the ſame, to lead them to have the affection or averſion for certain things which they deſerve. This is done by repreſenting, in a lively manner, to their ſenſes, the real value of every thing, and the ſatisfaction or diſſatisfaction each procures.

I ſhall now arrange under different heads the ſubjects which are treated of in the following Work:

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ELEMENTS

OF

MORALITY.

CHAPTER. I.

IN the city of Briſtol lived once a merchant, whoſe name was Jones. He was an honeſt induſtrious man, and had been ſo attentive to buſineſs that in the courſe of ten or twelve years he acquired a conſiderable fortune; ſufficient to procure not only the neceſſaries, but even the ſuperfluities of life. He had a flower garden, and his houſe was decorated with various beautiful pictures; beſides, he could afford, when he wiſhed, to ride in a coach, to drink wine, and enjoy many pleaſures which men may live contented without; therefore he was called a rich man.

But amongſt the various beautiful things which he poſſeſſed, none were ſo dear to him, as his wife and two children, Charles and Mary. Af-

ter the fatigue of buſineſs, he always relaxed himſelf in their ſociety; and a cheerful look from his wife, a kiſs from his children, afforded him more delight than all his pictures. He ſeldom reliſhed any pleaſure without them, but was conſtantly endeavouring to contrive ſuch amuſments as were at the ſame time inſtructive. When he walked in his garden, or in the fields, before breakfaſt, to taſte the ſweet morning air and hear the birds ſing, or ſought the cool ſhade in the evening, they generally accompanied him; unleſs the children had miſbehaved; but this ſeldom happened, for they really were good, and though they had ſome of the faults common to children, yet they ſincerely deſired to pleaſe their parents and every body. One day Mr. Jones was ſitting with his wife and children by the ſide of a rivulet, eating cherries with them; he pointed to the fiſh as they ſported in the water, and related many wonderful things of the animals, which a gracious God had created to live in the water. —He was interrupted by the ſound of wheels.

The children eagerly liſtened, and looked wiſtfully up at their father's face, as it were to aſk leave to run to the road ſide to ſee the ſight. He ſmiled, waved his hand, and away they both ran, and ſaw a beautiful coach drawn by four black prancing horſes. Make haſte, make

haſte

haſte, cried the children, come and ſee this fine carriage! Mr. Jones was willing to indulge them; but when the gentleman in the coach ſaw him advancing, he ſtopped it, and jumping out, caught Mr. Jones by the hand, and ſhook it cordially, ſaying, how glad I am thus accidentally to meet you, for I am now returning diſappointed from your houſe, where I hoped to have found you. Mr. Jones invited Sir William, for he was a baronet, to ſit down and partake of their little feaſt; but he excuſed himſelf, becauſe his ſtomach was weak, and he was afraid of the evening air. I came, added he, to requeſt your company at my country ſeat to-morrow, to celebrate my birth-day, and I ſhall be happy to ſee Mrs. Jones and the children; I know ſhe is ever unwilling to leave the little ones at home. They began to ſmile, and made ſigns to each other, as much as to ſay; yes, we ſhall go, our father will go and take us with him. Mr. Jones reading in the countenance of his wife, and the reſtrained laugh of the children, that they wiſhed him to go, readily aſſented; and the children jumped for joy, as they attended Sir William to the carriage.

They then returned and ſeated themſelves again round the baſket of cherries, and could talk of nothing but the pleaſure they expected the next day.

Going home they were full of little projects, and aſked ſo many queſtions that they ſtopped at their own door before they were aware of it. A ſervant was immediately ſent to hire a coach, which ſhe was to order exactly at five o'clock in the morning. The children were then ſent to bed, and were deſired by their parents, when they kiſſed them, and bade them good night, to remember and riſe early to dreſs themſelves in time, that they might not have to wait for them.

Mary was up before four; ſhe rouſed the whole houſe, and ran from room to room, ſinging and dancing; and when ſhe ſaw her mother ready to go down ſtairs ſhe returned to her own room to look for her bonnet—Suddenly ſhe dropped her ſong, and remained ſilent near her cloſet door, on the floor of which her bonnet lay, ſhe had toſſed it careleſsly there when ſhe returned from paying a viſit with her mother. Her brother ſaw her eyes full of tears, and enquired what was the matter that ſhe would not come and play with him.

Let me alone, ſaid ſhe, I do not know what I ſhall do. He ran half crying to his mother to know the cauſe;—What have you done to Mary? ſaid he, in a ſorrowful tone, we were laughing and playing together juſt now, and indeed

indeed I have not vexed her, yet ſhe turns her back on me, and will not ſpeak to me.

The maid brought in the breakfaſt, whilſt they were ſpeaking;—Go and call your ſiſter, anſwered the mother, and I ſhall ſoon hear what is the matter with her. He went, but quickly returned, ſaying his ſiſter could not eat any breakfaſt this morning.—Not eat any breakfaſt, repeated the tender mother, go again, and deſire her to come to me directly.

Mary came trembling, her eyes were red with weeping; ſhe hung down her head, and held in her hand, behind her, the muſlin bonnet her mother had made her when ſhe went laſt time to ſee her couſins; it was covered with dirt, and unfit to wear. How has this happened? aſked Mrs. Jones; Pray my dear mother forgive me, ſobbed out the weeping girl, and indeed I will never in my life again neglect to do as you bid me, and put my bonnet in the box. The father entered and ſaw her in tears, and his wife, whom he had left a moment before, very cheerful, now looked grave and diſpleaſed. She pointed to the dirty rumpled bonnet, and Mary caught her father's hand, repeating her lamentations; poor girl, ſaid he, you have deprived yourſelf of the pleaſure we wiſhed to procure you. Dear father, dear mo-

ther, cried Mary, turning from one to the other, ſurely you will not leave me at home.—Oh!—you will not leave me! My child, anſwered her mother, do you not recollect that you have not another bonnet fit to go in; and that this is the ſecond time that you have neglected to put it by in the box I gave you, to keep it clean till you wanted to wear it again; I cannot help you: I muſt leave you at home, becauſe I ſhould be aſhamed to let you appear in company ſuch a dirty figure. I ſhall not enjoy half the pleaſure I expected, now I am obliged to leave you at home; but remember, that the diſappointment entirely ariſes from your own thoughtleſsneſs, and your not paying proper attention to my example, who always keep my clothes in order.

Mary would have ſaid more, but they ſaw the coach drive up to the door, and finiſhed their breakfaſt in a hurry, not to keep the horſes waiting. Mr. Jones took hold of Charles's hand, and after deſiring Mary to remember to be more careful for the future, they drove off, leaving her weeping on the ſteps. Her longing eyes followed the carriage till it turned the corner of the ſtreet, then ſhe ſneaked ſobbing to her own room, undreſſed herſelf, and wept moſt piteouſly. *What a hateful thing is ſlovenlineſs,*

ſaid

ſaid ſhe, it has deprived me of all my promiſed pleaſure. The other day, when my little couſins came to our houſe, I was aſhamed to go into the parlour, becauſe I had thrown ink on my frock, after my mother deſired me to be careful. Another day, an old gentleman came into the room when they were playing with me; he kiſſed them all, and gave them ſome fruit;—yes, all of them;—yet he left me ſtanding as if he did not ſee me: my mother told me afterwards, that he was diſguſted with me becauſe my face was dirty, and my hair tangled: now I am left at home, and I have vexed my father and mother; I know that they love me, and wiſhed to take me with them, when they went in a coach ſuch a pleaſant journey.—How the ſun ſhines, and here I am alone, crying, inſtead of going with them to ſee a fine houſe and garden;—fooliſh girl that I am.

She ſat ſilent ſome time, then dried her eyes, and began to fold up her clothes, and put her drawers and cloſet in order; and ſhe gave the houſe maid a ſhilling, ſhe had ſaved, to waſh the bonnet, over which ſhe had wept plentifully. This employment amuſed her a little while; but ſhe began to lament again, when ſhe had no more to do. My ſhilling is thrown away, thought ſhe, as much as if I had toſſed it out of

the window; had I been more careful, I might have bought a new book full of ſtories, or have given it to the poor girl my mother ſent my old ſhoes to, whom I yeſterday ſaw trembling with cold; it is all my own fault:—*Oh! this ſlovenlineſs is a naſty thing.*

Mean while the coach drove quickly over hill and dale.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT eleven o'clock, they reached Sir William's manſion houſe; a ſervant received them, and made an apology for his maſter, who was ſtill in bed: he informed them that he had caught cold by being out ſo late the evening before, in the air, and had taken ſomething warm when he went to reſt, to carry it off by perſpiration. He then offered to ſhew them the way to the breakfaſt parlour; but Mr. Jones, who ſaw the garden through the hall look very inviting, propoſed a walk, and his wife and ſon readily conſented.

It was a beautiful garden, or rather pleaſure ground; and every ſweet path offered ſomething

thing new to their view, whilſt they breathed the air perfumed by violets, pinks, roſes, and various other flowers: they came to a lawn which ſurpaſſed all, and commanded a fine extenſive view of the country; a little ſtream, artfully conducted from a neighbouring river, bubbled through it, and ruſtic ſeats made of roots, and plaited oſiers were placed under ſhady trees. They ſtopped to feaſt their eyes with the ſmiling proſpect, and ſat down on one of the inviting ſeats: for ſome time they remained quite ſilent, till, preſſing each others hands, they exclaimed, well, this is beautiful! This is charming! After they had gazed ſome time, Mr. Jones obſerved that man was a noble creature; that he made all nature bend to his power, and by his induſtry turned a barren waſte into a fruitful garden, planting therein a number of wholeſome vegetables and ſweet flowers, collected from different parts of the world; forcing the wild trees to produce delicious apples and pears, and making the water run over dry ground.

While he was ſpeaking, they heard a little noiſe behind the hedge; Charles ſtarted up to look from whence it came, and ſaw a poor labourer eating his dinner; a cruſt of brown bread, and a morſel of cheeſe; this was his

whole meal, and he waſhed it down with a draught of pure water from the brook. Look, ſaid Charles, there ſits a very poor man, who has nothing to eat but bread and cheeſe, and only water to drink; poor man, I pity him! And yet he may perhaps be a contented man, anſwered his father; come, we will try to make an acquaintance with him, and hear what he has to ſay of his own ſituation. They turned down another walk, and found the man under a ſpreading tree, in his countenance they ſaw, when they approached nearer, an expreſſion of honeſty; and contentment ſmiled in every rough feature.

God give a bleſſing to your meal, ſaid Mr. Jones: thank you maſter, replied the countryman. And do you contrive to live contented, my good man? aſked Mr. Jones, for this little boy thinks you muſt be very unhappy with ſuch a ſcanty meal: the world goes very well with me, maſter, replied he, I wiſh it went as well with every body as with me; *I am well, thank God, and health is dearer to me than a whole ſack-full of gold:* as long as I have health, I can work hard, and laugh at the fooliſh fancies rich people vex themſelves about. After I have dug from five in the morning almoſt till noon, bleſs my heart, how good I find my meal; with what an appetite I eat my bread and cheeſe;

cheeſe; believe me, my noble maſter, though he be lord of the manor, finds not his dainties half as good; and when I go to bed, my ſleep is ſo ſound, I do not want a ſoft bed I aſſure you; nay, I could ſleep on the ground, if it was to come to that. I have worked in this garden ten years, and maintained my wife and children by the ſweat of my own brow, have had a decent coat to go to church in, and a bit of meat of a Sunday, if times were not very hard; and no one ever heard John complain, I will be bold to ſay: but thank God, I have never been ſick; ſickneſs throws a man ſadly back in the world, and ſends many a poor child to a workhouſe.—John was going on, but a ſervant came to tell them that Sir William was up, and waited for them, and they were obliged to wiſh John a good morning.

They haſtened to the houſe. What a grand houſe! The hall was ſupported by pillars of fine marble, with beautiful ſtatues in the niches, and a number of ſervants were buſy, preparing a ſplendid repaſt. They aſcended a noble flight of ſtairs, and were conducted through ſome large rooms, elegantly furniſhed and hung with pictures and glaſſes richly gilt: at laſt they were uſhered into the drawing room, and ſaw Sir William reclining on a ſofa, leaning his head

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on his hand; his face was pale, and his languid eyes, ſunk in their red ſockets, were ſcarcely opened. When they entered, he roſe with ſome difficulty to receive them. Excuſe my ſtaying in bed, ſaid he, for I have had a wretched night; towards the morning I ſlumbered an hour or ſo, but I am not at all the better for it. My head, my head is very heavy, and my ſtomach turns at the very ſight of food; I have an oppreſſion at my breaſt, a ſtich in my ſide.—Oh! Oh! Mr. Jones expreſſed his compaſſion, and he went on for an hour, giving them a hiſtory of his various complaints: he mentioned a number of phyſicians to whom he had applied; deſcribed the diſagreeable operations he had undergone, and the nauſeous medicines he had taken. Before he had finiſhed the diſmal recital more company entered, who congratulated him on account of its being his birth-day; but he could only complain of his indiſpoſition, which rendered life a burthen, and would not allow him one day to rejoice with his viſitors. His lowneſs of ſpirits ſpread a gloom over the converſation, till they were relieved by a ſervant who came to tell them that dinner was ſerved up, and all the company gladly repaired to the dining parlour.

They

They paſſed through a range of ſervants, who ſtood in the hall, dreſſed in rich liveries; and on entering the room, it was a ſuperb ſight to ſee the table covered with ſilver diſhes, and plate and glaſs glittering on noble ſideboards. They were ſoon ſeated, and one courſe ſucceeded another, conſiſting of the greateſt dainties the ſeaſon afforded, dreſſed in ſuch various ways, that it would require the knowledge of a French cook to deſcribe them: ſweetmeats, fruit, and many different ſorts of wine followed. A fine band of muſic ſtruck up, and played the moſt lively airs; and the company ſeemed to enjoy the feaſt, all but Sir William; he was helped to many things, which he ſent away after he had laboured to eat a bit or two, to ſhew his reſpect for the company.

When they returned to the drawing-room to drink coffee, Mr. Jones and his ſon ſtood with Sir William at a bow-window to view the grand proſpect it commanded. A fine track of ground extended itſelf on every ſide, but it was only a part of Sir William's great eſtate. I am glad to ſee you ſo happy, ſaid Mr. Jones, addreſſing his friend; you have all that the heart of man could wiſh for; your garden, your houſe, your table and ſervants are princely. Happy! exclaimed Sir William, me! wretched man!

I believe

I believe there crawls not under the ſun a more miſerable creature than I am. *Of what uſe are all theſe things you have enumerated, when I have not health.* Did you not remark that I ſcarcely taſted the various diſhes, and all my coſtly furniture is loſt on me; I am ſo continually in pain, when I lie down, I turn from ſide to ſide, unable to ſleep; or ſhould I ſlumber, frightful dreams, the conſequence of a ſlow fever, fatigue me as much as watchfulneſs: you tell me my garden is pleaſant; I ſeldom walk in it, leſt I ſhould catch cold; and my children were all ſo weak, they died in their infancy; I have none to nurſe me, and ſickneſs makes all my acquaintance fly from me:—It is true, many of my relations viſit me; but I think they only come to calculate how long I ſhall thus gradually be ſinking into the grave. Believe me, my dear friend, I often wiſh to be in the place of one of my day labourers, to be able to eat, drink, ſleep, and laugh; and to have children to take care of me in my old age. I ſee them dancing round the ſturdy plowman, while I, wretched man, am a burthen to myſelf. He raiſed his eyes towards Heaven, and a tear ſtole down his pale cheeks.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

AFTER dinner, Charles went to play in the garden, and was ſo delighted with the variety of new objects, which caught his eye, wherever it glanced, that he thought he could never ſee enough. At laſt he obſerved through the garden gate that there was ſtill much more to be ſeen. The river ran through the meadows and willows grew on its banks. He followed its winding courſe, till a wood diverted his attention; now, thought he, I muſt ſee where that pretty path leads. He ran to it, and trembled with pleaſure when he entered the cool ſhade; but he had ſcarcely advanced twenty ſteps before he loſt ſight of the meadows. Thick buſhes ſurrounded him, above which oaks and beeches elevated themſelves majeſtically, on whoſe ſummit he only ſaw a little blue ſky. All was ſtill as in an uninhabited iſland; unleſs the croaking of a raven, or the cooing of a wood-pigeon reſounded through the trees. This gloom, this ſolitude, the profound ſilence, and the hoarſe croaking which ſometimes

ſometimes interrupted it, made Charles feel an indiſtinct ſenſation of fear. He advanced cautiouſly, and looked round with timidity at every ſtep. Sometimes it came into his head to turn back, but ſtill he loitered, attracted by the ſight of many wild flowers he had never ſeen before, and other pretty things.

One moment he purſued a butterfly, then ſtopped to gather blackberries, and here and there he found ſome wood ſtrawberries; ſometimes he gathered them for his mother, then for himſelf. In ſhort, when he had his pockets and hands full of blackberries and flowers, he reſolved to turn back and ſeek for the garden gate. He turned, quickened his pace, and walked a long time looking forward, expecting every moment to ſee the end of the wood; but he looked in vain; he walked till he was tired, yet no meadows could he ſee. Then it came into his head that he had loſt himſelf, and was wandering ſtill further out of his way. At this thought he felt a cold ſhivering run over his body, and he could hardly draw his breath, his heart was ſo full. What will become of me, thought he, if I am obliged to remain in the wood with nothing to eat or drink! muſt I—oh, muſt I

lie

lie in the dark; perhaps, a ſerpent or ſome bad man, may come and kill me while I ſlumber. I have heard my mother talk of gipſies, who ſtrip little children and leave them naked or carry them away; and they never ſee their dear parents any more. O my mother, dear mother, ſhall I never ſee you again! He was ſo diſturbed by theſe ſad apprehenſions, that he knew not what to do, or which way to turn. But he might eaſily have found his way out, if he had had ſenſe enough to remark the poſition of the ſun, and directed his ſteps accordingly; or if he had purſued a beaten path, it would have led him to a village, or at leaſt to a farm houſe; but fear made him incapable of reflection. He never thought of looking at the ſun, and after purſuing one path a little while, he turned without any reaſon into another, which for a moment he believed to be the right one. Once he was indeed in the right path, becauſe he found a branch of black berries which he had left there, intending to take them home with him when he turned back. Had he been a man he would probably have continued in this road; but the reaſon of a little child is as weak as its body. He could not reaſon juſtly on account of his youth, and wanted his father's advice to teach him how to think, as much

much as his ſtrong arm to ſupport a poor tired boy, whoſe legs tottered under him.

More and more confuſed, he ſcrambled through thorns and briars at the glimpſe of a new path. In this ſtate of anxiety the night came on. It grew darker and darker, and as the day ſhut in he began to weep aloud. However, the moon ſoon was up, it was at the full, and enlightened the whole wood; but it only increaſed poor loſt Charles's terror. While it was dark the wood appeared all black, and he could not diſtinguiſh any particular thing to be afraid of; but the confined light of the moon gave to the objects which ſurrounded him the moſt fantaſtic figures. At a little diſtance he imagined that he ſaw a little black man ſitting waving his head backwards and forwards, that then a great white thing came out of a buſh; nay, that a death's head peeped through on an oak, and not far from it, ſomething with horns and a long tail. In fact there were none of theſe things; he only ſaw buſhes, broken branches, and a white horſe; yet fear rendered his mind ſo weak that he could not conſider tranquilly how fooliſh his conjectures were, nor had he ſufficient courage to approach to ſee the objects diſtinctly.

At laſt he recollected his fathe r' s advice, and

fell

fell on his knees and prayed to God to have pity on him. Oh, my father, who art in Heaven, he ſobbed out, forſake not a poor loſt child! Tears almoſt choaked him; but he was ſoon rouſed by a ruſtling among the buſhes, and now indeed he really ſaw a tall black figure approach him, with a white cap on its head, and a milk white pigeon flew before it. He ſtarted up, but was ſo weak his legs ſunk under him, and he fell again on the ground; however, as he plainly ſaw it advance nearer and nearer, fear gave him ſtrength and ſcreaming out he ſprang forward.—The thing followed him, crying ſtop, ſtop; but he ran heedleſsly on, and running againſt the root of a tree he fell and was caught. The terror which ſeized him is not to be deſcribed, he neither heard nor ſaw any thing, and his tongue ſtuck to the roof of his mouth when he attempted to utter a few inarticulate words.

Notwithſtanding all this terror, this black man was not ſuch a wicked thing as Charles ſuppoſed; his hand far from being as cold as ice, was warm, and preſſed him gently. Poor child, ſaid he, what aileth thee? how cameſt thou here? and why art thou afraid of me?

The black man was obliged to repeat theſe queſtions ſeveral times before Charles had power

power to anſwer him. At laſt, gathering a little courage, he aſked with a trembling voice, who are you? I am, replied the blackman, neither a ſpirit nor a thief, but the curate of a village not far of. Now the half dead Charles began to breath again, and obſerving the figure his imagination had made ſo hideous, he ſaw in reality a clergyman with a white wig.

The joy he felt may eaſily be conceived, he now hoped to find his way out of the wood, conducted by this friendly man; but recollecting himſelf he aſked, where is the white pigeon, which flew before you? A white pigeon anſwered he, I did not ſee one, where ſhould it come from ſo late? fear has undoubtedly clouded your ſight. While he was ſpeaking Charles ſaw him rub a white handkerchief acroſs his forehead, for he had been walking faſt to haſten home, and had taken off his hat to wipe his temples when Charles took his wig for a huge cap. Now he was more tranquil he could reflect, and ſenſibly concluded that fear had transformed that very white handkerchief into a pigeon.

Glad to hear the ſound of his own voice, and to hold a man's hand, he began to relate how he came into the wood, loſt himſelf, and what

what terrible things he had ſeen, adding, when I ſaw you coming I thought—I know not what I thought, I was ſo terrified. And did you not tell your parents, aſked the clergyman, that you were going to walk in the wood? No, replied Charles. The clergyman drew back a ſtep or two aſtoniſhed and let fall his hand, ſaying, thy father know nothing of it!—what an imprudent child thou art. Such a young boy, who can have learned ſo little, ſhould never have ventured out of the houſe without leave. God put it into the hearts of men to keep their children longer at home with them, than dogs keep their puppies, or hens their chickens, becauſe a child is ſtill more helpleſs, has more to learn, and could not ſo readily find its own food, or act properly, if not directed by a man who had lived a long time in the world. As you grow taller, if you are a good boy, you will grow wiſer and learn from the example of your parents, and other men, how to take care of yourſelf. But now your parents know that your are ſo ignorant and helpleſs they will be very uneaſy. Charles had forgotten every thing when he was terrified almoſt out of his wits; but he began to weep again as ſoon as he thought of his father and mother. Be compoſed, ſaid

Mr.

Mr. Benſon, for that was the name of the clergyman, I will ſend a meſſage to them as ſoon as I reach home. Charles again recovered his vivacity, and encouraged by the kind treatment he had met with, ventured to aſk more queſtions.

Charles. Dear Sir, what were all the things I ſaw in the wood? the little man in black, the death's head,—the horns?

Curate. I will explain all to you. Did you not perceive that as ſoon as you imagined you had loſt yourſelf, you thought of all the accidents which could happen to a child in ſuch a ſituation, you trembled and could ſcarcely breathe; was it not ſo?

Charles. Yes, juſt ſo.

Curate. What you felt was fear. Fear is a ſad thing, it makes people ſo fooliſh. They can neither ſee clearly nor hear diſtinctly when it becomes violent; and it ſeems as if all the accidents they thought of were juſt at hand. They ſoon really have cauſe to be ſorrowful, for thinking they have not ſtrength to avoid the threatning danger, they make no effort, or run directly into the evil they ſhould ſhun.

This happened to a man who now lives in my pariſh, who was a ſoldier in America laſt

laſt war. He was an idle boy, and never learned to think or do any thing in a regular manner. Very late in the evening of a winter's day, his captain had occaſion to ſend him in a hurry, with ſome orders to a detached troop, and he was obliged to croſs the ſkirts of one of the vaſt waſtes in America. He had often heard that the natives lurked in thickets, and rode trembling along, expecting to ſee them ruſh out of every buſh. At laſt he actually thought he ſaw a body of the copper coloured men, who inhabit thoſe tractleſs woods, coming towards him with menacing geſtures, loud ſhouts, and horrid yells, as he had heard deſcribed. Though all was ſtill, ſave the ruſtling of the leaves, which a ſtrong wind whiſtled through, he imagined that they were cloſe at his heels, and ſpurring his horſe, it ſet off full ſpeed, till he let fall the reigns; endeavouring to catch them again he fell over the horſe's head, and broke his leg by the fall. On the ground he remained a long time groaning, till his groans reached the ears of one of thoſe men, whom we Europeans with white complexions, call ſavages; his heart however, was humane, the ſame blood warmed it which mounts to beautify a fair face. He held the ſoldier's head againſt his boſom tiil he recovered his

ſenſes

ſenſes, then took him on his ſhoulders and carried him to his cabin; for the terrified man had actually approached one. He ſoon gathered ſome ſticks together, lighted a fire, and brought him all the refreſhment the cabin afforded; afterwards he made him a bed, covering a mat with the ſkins of all the wild animals he had killed. Nor was this all, he ran fearleſsly to the ſame common to ſeek for ſome ſalutary herbs, which he applied to his wound and bound up his leg. Every day did he hunt for food, and dreſs it for his enemy, and when he could limp along carried him within ſight of the camp, and preſſing his ſick brother's hand againſt his forehead, he prayed the Great Spirit to take care of him, and conduct him ſafe to his own country.

It was the ſame in your caſe; you thought ſo long of the accidents you had heard of, that you created them. Believe me, the little black man, the death's head, and the reſt of the things you have mentioned, were only branches of trees, which your heated imagination, like the ſoldier's, gave forms to, though in fact no ſuch things were near. If you had not been terrified, and had always followed the ſame beaten path, you would certainly have found your way out of the wood, for

it

it is not very extenſive. But fear made you wander fooliſhly from one path to another, without conſidering what you ought to have done immediately upon diſcovering that you had loſt your way. If I had not met you, ſome unlucky accident might, through this unreaſonable fear have befallen you. Charles now held the clergyman's hand ſtill faſter: and when you ſaw me, continued he, how did you feel?

Charles. I can ſcarcely tell you, I trembled in every limb; tried to ſcream out for help, but my tongue would not move, and when I attempted to run, my legs bent under me.

Curate. What you felt was fear, which is very uſeful to make men careful, when directed by reaſon; but very hurtful to weak men and children, who have not ſufficient ſtrength of mind to moderate it, and keep it within due bounds. I have heard of men who have ſuddenly dropped down dead with terror, or been ſeized with dreadful fits: and ſometimes it renders them ſo fooliſh that they loſe all their ſenſes for a moment, and fly into the very evil they wiſhed to avoid.

My own experience taught me this. When I was at the univerſity, the houſe in which I

lived took fire. You may ſuppoſe that we were all terrified to ſee the flames burſting out at midnight; but my preſence of mind ſoon returned; I haſtened to pack up my books and clothes, and carried them to a place of ſafety, and returned to aſſiſt the reſt of the family. But the ſtudent who lodged in the next chamber to me, was ſo diſturbed by fear that he knew not what to do—loſt time in enquiring how the fire began, and complaining of the careleſneſs of the ſervants: in ſhort, he brought nothing out of his chamber but an old draught board; and if I had not exerted myſelf, all his books would have been loſt, as well as his clothes, which I had not time to carry away. If then, my child, you wiſh to live contented, and have ſuch a degree of preſence of mind as will enable you to be uſeful to your fellow creatures, guard againſt vain fears.

Charles. But how am I to do it? Now the terror is over—I wonder at my fear, it is quite gone.

Curate. It is not poſſible to guard againſt all fear, or entirely baniſh the ſudden ſenſation which, in a certain degree are uſeful, or God would not have planted them in our mind; but try to moderate them by reflection, that they may not diſturb your reaſon

and

and ſenſes; and only fear the danger you really ſee, and not thoſe your imagination creates. You will ſoon ſucceed if you think often that many things have not happened as you feared they would, and that thoſe you could not avoid were not half ſo dreadful as you had repreſented to yourſelf in the firſt moment of fear. You ſhould try to think of the beſt method to avoid real danger, inſtead of giving way to fear, which creates imaginary difficulties. If you are good, and learn to think as you grow up, your mind will grow ſtrong, and you will acquire true courage, which in the hour of danger keeps the head clear, and enables the mind to ſee the proper ſtep which it ſhould reſolutely take, undiſturbed by unneceſſary terror.—When you can truſt in God, however, as you now truſt in me, you will have nothing to fear.—A child looks up to a man for protection,—a man to God.

CHAP. IV.

YES, there he is, my deareſt huſband—there comes our father, our dear father, cried a little group, who met the curate. They were his wife and children, who had expected him above an hour, and growing a little uneaſy, came out to meet him. His wife kiſſed his cheek, and two of the children caught his hand, while the little one, who could not ſpeak plain, embraced his knees.

They quickly enquired who that little boy was, whom he had brought home in his hand? He informed them in a few words, that he was a child who had rambled into the wood unknown to his parents, and loſt himſelf. At the ſame time requeſted his wife to walk home before them, and call on one of his poor pariſhioners, who would, for a mug of cyder, go to relieve Charles's parents from their anxiety, by aſſuring them that he was ſafe; he added, that he would follow her ſlowly with the children, becauſe the poor ſtray child was ſo fatigued he could not walk faſt. The tender mother, feeling for the af-

flicted

ſlicted parents, haſtened to the village, and ſent a peaſant immediately with a meſſage to them. The clergyman followed with his three children, who tripped along before him, while he ſlackened his pace to converſe with Charles, who could hardly drag one foot after the other.

Curate. Were you pleaſed, my dear, to ſee my children run with ſo much joy to meet and kiſs me?

Charles. O yes! If my father was now to meet us I ſhould do ſo to, I ſhould be ſo glad.

Curate. You would be glad, and why?

Charles. Why, Sir, I do not underſtand you; he is very good to me, and loves me dearly, how can I help being glad when I ſee him again?

Curate. Do you know then what joy is? We feel it when ſomething agreeable ſuddenly occurs. My wife and children rejoiced to ſee me again, becauſe they love me, and know that I have their good at heart, and you would on the ſame account rejoice to ſee your parents.

But believe me, my dear child, that even joy, when it is too ſtrong, does as much harm as violent fear. It diſturbs the operations of the underſtanding to ſuch a degree, that a man is no longer directed by reaſon, and in this

confuſion often hurts himſelf. I have a ſiſter who fainted when ſhe heard that ſhe had gained a great prize in the lottery: and a peaſant in my pariſh, whoſe ſon came home ſuddenly from ſea, after he had given him up for loſt above five years, felt ſuch lively joy, that he ran like a madman down ſtairs, and miſſing a ſtep, fell and ſnapped his ancle.—Guard then againſt immoderate joy.

Charles. How am I to guard againſt it?

Curate. You muſt often think that the unexpected good is never as great as we at firſt imagine, and that there is always ſomething diſagreeable attached to it.

My ſiſter, for inſtance, her prize cauſed her much vexation. As ſoon as it was known that ſhe had been ſo fortunate, all her relations flocked round; ſome borrowed money, and others received handſome preſents from her; yet few of them were ſatisfied; they teaſed her almoſt to death with importunities, and did not ſcruple to call her unfeeling and covetous. If ſhe had foreſeen all this care, or only conſidered a moment, that riches never purchaſed content, ſhe would not have fainted through exceſs of joy. And as for the peaſant's ſon who returned ſo unexpectedly, from ſea, he had been from ſhip to ſhip, and became

become a thief, ſo that after he came back he would neither work nor obey his father. If the unfortunate parent had thought of this, and repreſented to himſelf that perhaps the ſon who had ſo long neglected to write to his old father, might not be an honeſt man, he would not have been ſo intoxicated with joy, nor have ſtepped ſo heedleſsly.

They now approached the Curate's houſe, and the dog ſprang out to meet them, teſtifying his joy by a number of tricks and marks of fondneſs, till they all entered through the garden into the houſe.

CHAP. V.

HENRIETTA, the Curate's wife, received her dear gueſts very affectionately; and after informing them that ſhe had ſent the meſſage to Charles's parents, ſhe conducted them into the room in which ſhe had ſpread a table for ſupper.

It was a very frugal repaſt. There was neither meat nor paſtry to be ſeen, a plate

of cherries and ſome bread and cheeſe made the whole of the meal. But the healthy friendly countenances which ſurrounded the table, made it appear much more pleaſant than Sir William's ſumptuous feaſt.

Come children, let us eat and be merry, ſaid the good clergyman, we are in health, are hungry and here is ſufficient to ſatisfy us; and, turning to Charles, he added, you are with good friendly people, and what more is neceſſary to make us all happy.

Charles ſeated himſelf, and eat with a good appetite, and he grew ſtill more lively, when Mr. Benſon began a converſation which was entirely new to him. How, aſked he, children have you nothing to relate? Henrietta ſoon related that ſhe had read of a Queen, who when a Princeſs viſited her, and begged to ſee her jewels, and other precious things, ſent for her children, and ſaid, behold my treaſure; theſe are dearer to me than all the gold or jewels in the world.—George, the eldeſt ſon, told the little hiſtory of a man who had been ſhipwrecked, and hearing all the crew lament the loſs of their goods, ſaid tranquilly, I have every thing with me. Henry, the youngeſt ſon, ſaid that he had read of a nobleman, who would not give his

daughter

daughter to a gentleman who had demanded her in marriage, before he had learned a mechanical trade. The little Caroline ſtammered ſomething out about a young mouſe, who had not obeyed its mother, and went, contrary to her advice, to play with a cat, who caught her and bit her to death. And the Curate entertained the company with the hiſtory of a ghoſt, which in the beginning was very dreadful to hear, but in the end excited a univerſal laugh, becauſe it ſoon appeared that it was only the trick of ſome giddy young people, who wiſhed to amuſe themſelves by terrifying others.

It was a cuſtom at the Curate's, that whoever ſupped with them, ſhould repeat ſomething to amuſe the company; and now came Charles's turn; they preſſed him, according to cuſtom, to tell them a ſtory; but as he could not recollect one, he ſimply related how he had wandered out of the garden and loſt himſelf. As he was obliged, during the relation to ſpeak ſometimes of his father and mother, they ſoon perceived that after uttering their names he became more ſad, and before he concluded, tears ruſhed into his eyes, and he aſked permiſſion to leave the room for a moment. He was allowed to retire, and not

returning ſoon, the Curate ſought all over the houſe and in the yard for him; but no Charles could he find. At laſt he diſcovered him behind the kitchen door, weeping bitterly.

Curate. What is the matter with my little gueſt?

Charles. Nothing at all.

Curate. Something muſt ail you, or you would not cry.

Charles. Ah! if I were with my dear father and mother!

Curate. You now feel my dear child, languor, or a violent and uneaſy deſire to ſee ſome abſent perſon, whom you love; I do not blame you for it, no one ought to be ſo dear to a good child as his parents; and he ſhould feel a little uneaſy when he is parted from them. But my dear child, if you would live contented, you muſt learn to moderate this as well as fear and joy, or you will miſs many pleaſures. Do you think you can bring them here by your longing and crying? Certainly not; you know it is impoſſible. Of what uſe is then this violent deſire, which makes you ſo very uncomfortable?—Come, we are juſt ready to begin to play in the parlour, where you will find ſomething

thing to amuſe you and make you laugh; but if you will ſtill obſtinately indulge your uſeleſs longing, you will loſe, at leaſt, one pleaſant hour of your life. Come with me and be cheerful; your father and mother are well; before this time they know that you are with thoſe who will take care of you, therefore they are no longer uneaſy on your account. To-morrow, I will take you to them, then you may kiſs and talk to them as much as you pleaſe.

Charles. No, no, leave me alone, let me cry here, I cannot play.

Curate. Well, if you will cry, I cannot help you.

He returned to the parlour, and they all came round him, aſking eagerly, where is he? what is the matter with poor Charles?

Curate. Behind the kitchen door, ſighing and crying after his father and mother.

Poor boy, they all ſaid, in the ſame breath, let us try to do ſomething for him. They ran out, and taking him by the hand, they prayed him not to cry; but he cried ſtill more. They drew him into the parlour; but he turned his face to the wall and continued to ſob.

Begin to play, children, ſaid the Curate, the evening is paſſing away; but they did not hear him, they were ſo anxious to perſuade the little ſtranger to leave off crying. So it happens, continued he, when we long for any thing out of our reach; we not only deprive ourſelves of much pleaſure, but by continuing to weep and lament we diſturb the ſocial comfort of our friends. I have looked forward during the whole day to the pleaſure I ſhould enjoy this evening;—my wife and children have eagerly expected my return, and this little boy deſtroys all; come my dear, take the children to bed, and I will go to my chamber. He roſe, and they all prepared to follow him, with diſheartened faces.

Charles now began to reflect, that it was very ungrateful and unbecoming to diſturb the pleaſure of thoſe good people who had taken ſo much pains to amuſe him. Dear Sir, ſaid he, do not go to bed, I will not cry any more, I will play, only ſtay a moment. Now all was joy again, and little Caroline kiſſed him, ſaying he will be good a boy.—They brought their ſtools back, and ſeated themſelves round the table.

Now, my dear, ſaid the curate to his wife, which of the children has behaved beſt to day?

Henry ſmiled. Do you not ſee, anſwered ſhe, in the ſmile of the little blue-eyed boy, that he has been the moſt induſtrious, attentive child to day. The Curate took him by the hand, and ſaid, while he kiſſed him and pinched his cheek, are you not contented ſince you have this evening received ſuch praiſe? Do always your duty, my child, and you will ever feel this ſoft ſatisfaction. However, I am going to procure you another pleaſure; you ſhall chuſe the game you love beſt, and we will all play at it.

The play of the merchant, ſaid Henry.

Good children, ſaid the Curate, this evening let us play the pleaſant play of the merchant. I am the merchant; I have to ſell all ſorts of eatables, beautiful clothes, books and natural curioſities; in ſhort, all that you wiſh for at a juſt price. Every one now aſked for ſomething. Then the Curate enquired where they were made?—of what material?—who made them?—the uſe they were of?—and how much they commonly coſt?—and whoever could not anſwer theſe queſtions, or anſwered wrong, muſt pay a forfeit: George, for inſtance, aſked for a hat; and he was queſtioned, who made it?—of what it was made?—if there was

more

more then one ſort of hats?—and of what uſe they are to men, &c.

This ever furniſhed ſomething to laugh at, and particularly when they drew out the forfeits. Now all were redeemed.—Once more, only once more let us play, they all cried out. The Curate ſhook his head: I thought you would be more moderate in your pleaſures, and go to bed. But the children begged and kiſſed his hands and cheeks ſo long, that the father at laſt ſaid, well, play once more, but you will ſoon ſee what will happen.

They then began to play again, but not in ſuch a ſpirited manner as at firſt; all were ſoon weary. George began to yawn, Henry to rub his eyes; Charles was almoſt nodding with ſleep, and the little Caroline began to cry and complain, to bed mamma, will you go to bed;—and George himſelf aſked, if they might ſoon leave off playing? *So it happens, ſaid the Curate, when we know not how to be moderate in our pleaſures*; vexation or diſguſt always follows. If you had left off playing in time, you would have gone to bed contented; but you are now diſſatisfied.

Thus ended the play, and all the children went to bed. Caroline half crying with ſleep,

and the reſt with an expreſſion of extreme wearineſs on their countenances.

CHAP. VI.

EARLY in the morning, every one was in motion in the Curate's houſe, and ſo full of ſpirits that Charles could not remain in bed, though he wiſhed to have ſlept an hour or two longer, becauſe he ſtill felt weary after his long walk. He was a child accuſtomed to neatneſs and order, he waſhed his face, cleaned his teeth, and combed his hair. He came down ſtairs, and found them all dreſſed in the moſt decent manner, ready to join in a ſhort prayer, which the Curate addreſſed to their heavenly father; thanking him for the protection he had afforded them while they ſlept, and entreating him to grant them food the enſuing day, and ſenſe to do their duty. They then all ran on the graſs before the door till breakfaſt was ready, and returned with an appetite to eat their bread and milk.

George

George left ſome milk in his baſon, and broke part of his bread into it, when Charles enquired what he was going to do with it, he ſaid I am going to carry it to my dog Pompey, the poor fellow has not had any breakfaſt yet.

Then he took the milk to his little playful puppy; but they ſoon heard him cry bitterly, and all the family ran out to ſee what was the matter with him. There ſtood poor George, diſſolved in tears. They aſked him what had happened? Oh, anſwered he, my dog, my little dog, my good dog! Pompey is dead. They ſurrounded him and joined in the lamentations. There lay the poor dog George had been ſo fond of, that he always divided his meals with him; and no one could gueſs how he had been ſo ſuddenly deprived of life.

The Curate ſpoke tenderly to him, and ſaid, I pity you, my dear George, for I know you were very fond of your little dog; but leave off crying, I will take care to procure you another next week. All this ſignified nothing, George continued to weep. Oh! my dog, my poor Pompey!

The boy, ſaid the Curate, is very ſorrowful. That which we feel when any thing diſagreeable

disagreeable happens, we call sorrow. But it is misery, when men carry it so far that they like to indulge it. Sorrow does no good, and if George should cry for a whole year, my good dog! my Pompey! it will not bring him back. Nay, immoderate sorrow will make him neglect his duty, and then he cannot expect much pleasure in the evening. Come, Children, let us go into the garden to our business.

Sir, said Charles, with a sorrowful tone, will you not soon take me back to my father and mother.

Yes, answered the Curate, only it is necessary that I work a little in the garden first, and tell the children what they ought to do, and visit my sick parishioners. For whoever would live content, mind this Charles, must dispatch his business in an orderly manner. We never feel satisfied with ourselves when we always think of something we should do, and have left undone.

Charles followed him, a little sad, but when he came into the garden, his countenance soon began to clear up. It was a charming garden, There were not firs, yews or aloes, to be seen, it is true, nor the statues and fountains which ornament the gardens of the rich; but all was simple

ſimple and uſeful, yet ſweetly pleaſant. The walls were hung with peaches and nectarines, and fine cherry, apple and pear trees were planted in ſuch a manner as not to ſcreen the vegetables, which grew in great profuſion: peas, beans, and various other uſeful plants, were placed in beds to catch the ſun-beams, and currants and gooſeberries grew near the walks.

One part of the garden was peculiarly allotted to flowers; the bee-hives were placed there, and a ſeat ſhaded with trees, around whoſe trunks woodbines and jaſmines twined, afforded a cool retreat at noon, and here they retired to when it was too hot to work in the garden. Roſes bloomed on all ſides, and a number of flowers ſprung up in ſucceſſion to perfume the air, and afford the Curate an opportunity to remark the wiſdom and goodneſs of God, diſplayed in the moſt minute wild flower, as well as in the nobler productions of nature, animals, and men.

Beyond the garden was a meadow; they entered through a little gate, and ſaw two cows feeding, a calf bounding near them, and ſome poultry, ſeeking for their own food, gave a ſtill more cheerful appearance to the whole. The hen chuckled to gather her chickens, and birds ſung in the hedge which encloſed the

the meadow; all was gay, and ſeemed to laugh with joy. Charles laughed too, and catching the Curate's hand, he ſaid, what a beautiful place! if my father and mother were here I ſhould never wiſh to leave it while I lived.'

Then the Curate gave each of the children their taſk; but George was ſo ſorrowful on account of the death of his dog, that Henry offered to pluck all the kidney beans for his mother, and the little Caroline had a bed to weed. George, when he had nothing to do, cried ſtill more, and his father ſent him into the houſe, that he might not diſturb their pleaſure, ſince he would not try to amuſe himſelf. After the Curate had looked over the garden, and plucked ſome ripe fruit for their ſupper, he returned to Charles, and led him to a ſeat, raiſed on a little eminence which overlooked the whole garden.

I am very glad, ſaid he, to ſee you ſo pleaſed, but this place was not always as beautiful as it is now. When I came here, about fourteen years ago, it was full of weeds, briars and ſtones. I came to be the curate of the village, and married my wife, becauſe I loved her with my whole heart; but ſhe had no fortune, and my curacy was not ſufficient to

maintain

maintain us. This made me very uneaſy, and ſome months paſſed away in a melancholy manner.

While I was in this ſtate, a rich old farmer came to viſit me, and ſoon obſerved my ſadneſs. Friend, ſaid he, why are you ſo troubled? How can, anſwered I, ſuch a poor man as I am be contented? You poor, replied he, you may reckon yourſelf worth above two thouſand pounds. You joke with me, ſaid I, if you will give me a hundred pounds, you ſhould have all I am worth in the world, and you would have a poor bargain. Very well, returned he, drawing a knife out of his pocket, and ſeizing my hand, he made a ſtroke, as if he meant to cut it off: Full of terror, I ſnatched it away. Give it to me, only give this little hand, and I will let you have for it two hundred pounds, and leave you your left hand and all your goods. You cannot think, dear Charles, how much I was terrified by this demand: I ſtepped back, and looked full in the farmer's face. Do you perceive, ſaid he, Mr. Parſon, how rich you are! Only that ſingle limb you would not ſell me for two hundred pounds. If I had attempted to cut off your head, you could not have been more eager to prevent me. Without joking,

Mr.

Mr. Parſon, a young man, in health, with a ſound mind, and robuſt body, ought not to complain of poverty. See there, the hen, ſhe finds every where food for herſelf and chickens, and ſo do thoſe pigeons. It is the ſame with all animals; the raven, the owl, the fox, and even flies; they all have ſufficient induſtry to procure themſelves food; and why not man? Hold up your head, and inſtead of anxiety and lamentations, think how you can better your ſituation;—think of uſing your arms, and all will go well. God preſerve you, Mr. Parſon! next week I ſhall come again to ſee you. And ſo he left me deep in thought.

Sorrowfully I lifted up my eyes from the ground, and diſcovered a ſpider who had juſt caught a great fly in her web, and the whole web was full of the remains of dead flies. The ſpider, thought I, lives without care, ſhe procures her daily bread—and thou, then I ſprung angrily up, thou a man, exclaimed I, who can reflect, read and write who has a vigorous arm, and ingenious hands, with which ſo many uſeful things have been made, and thou canſt not procure thy own ſubſiſtance!

From this moment I turned all my thoughts to the main ſubject, to find ſome work which might

might maintain me. I paſſed the whole night without ſleeping a wink, and ſleepleſs nights are particularly favourable to reflection; I could think of nothing elſe; it ſeemed to me as if my whole village was before me. My thoughts ran over every corner, to ſearch for ſomething to do.

Then this waſte place preſented itſelf to my mind, which you now ſee a cultivated garden. Some years before a houſe had ſtood on it, but the thatch caught fire, and it was ſoon burnt to the ground; and the inhabitants left it in ruins, and went to live ſome where elſe. The moment I thought of it, I could think of nothing but clearing away the rubbiſh. Yes, thought I, I could earn ſufficient to maintain my wife and the coming infant, if I had money enough to build a little houſe on this waſte ground, which originally was ſtolen from the common, If the lord of the manor would give me leave I ſhould be a contented man.

This lucky thought pleaſed me, and I counted the hours till the good farmer came again. At laſt he came, and his firſt queſtion was, well,how are your ſpirits now, have you thought of any thing? Yes, replied I, all would go well if I could obtain leave to build a little houſe on the common, and if I could borrow ſome money

money, to add to the little I have, I ſhould ſoon be able to build a houſe, and buy a cow; and before my little one came into the world I might reaſonable hope to maintain it and its mother comfortably.

Leave all theſe cares to me, ſaid he, giving me his hand, the place is yours, I will build the houſe for you, becauſe I underſtand theſe matters better than you gentlemen, who have been pouring over books half your lives, and you may pay me by degrees, as you find it convenient.

The grant was ſoon obtained, and while they were building the houſe I worked hard every day to clear the place of ſtones, and grubbed up the briars. I laid the ſtones on one another, and made a kind of wall, plaiſtered with mud, to keep out the cattle, that they might not ſpoil my garden; and afterwards plaited twigs before it, round which my fruit trees twine. The rubbiſh and cinders I burnt to aſhes, and they made excellent manure for the ground.

The next year I brought my wife cabbages, peas, beans, and ſallad; beſides many other things which already had grown in the garden; and I felt ſincere pleaſure when I could bring her ſomething which I had cultivated myſelf. My

pariſhioners brought me ſlips and ſuckers, which I planted with care, and you ſee what they are come to; nay, ſome of the young trees roſe from the kernels which I put into the ground after I had eat the fruit. In that ſpot I ſowed ſeed hay and clover, and every year make hay enough to ſerve my cows, when I take them off the common, and they not only ſupply us with what milk we want, but ſufficient butter and cheeſe for the family: The flowers my wife got by degrees, and my good friend the farmer gave me a ſwarm of bees.

Thus paſſed two years, and my labour made me more healthy than ever; but in ſpite of all this, I had my cares, I was in debt to ſome tradeſmen, who live in the next market town. One day when the farmer viſited me, he expreſſed his ſatisfaction to ſee all look ſo comfortable, and that my labour had been ſo ſucceſsful. Now, ſaid he, I hope you have enough to live on. I threw my eyes down on the ground, and ſaid no, I am ſtill thirty pounds in debt.

Hearing this, he grew angry, and ſtruck his oaken ſtaff on the floor, and ſaid, not enough to live on, how comes that about? You have only need of food, clothes, and ſome

books

books! Your garden and poultry would almoſt ſupply you with ſufficient food: and the money you receive from the curacy is ſurely enough to purchaſe clothes, books and other neceſſaries—let me ſee what you are in debt for? He was a reſpectable old man, ſo I could not be angry with him, though he hurt me when he ſpoke ſo quick.

I took out the bills; he mumbled over them. Silk, for a gown, wine, coffee, ſoap, a glaſs, china cups, &c.—I ſee how it is, added he, only the ſoap is a neceſſary, all theſe other ſuperfluities you could have lived comfortably without; or, at leaſt, have purchaſed ſome things at a cheaper rate, which would have anſwered your purpoſe full as well.—Where is all this money to come from? Sir, if a man cannot pay for coffee, he muſt drink milk; and beer, inſtead of wine. Your wife ſhould have been contented with a cotton gown; and china is quite unneceſſary. A glaſs for your wife to put her cap ſtrait by, would be ſufficient; I thought you had more ſenſe than to wiſh for ſuch a childiſh ornament in your parlour. Do you ſee that raven, he has picked up a ſnail, and is devouring it with pleaſure. Every day he procures ſufficient to ſatisfy his appetite, and lives with-

out care or debts, for nature produces all that he wants. But as ſoon as it ſhould come into his head, that the ſnails, mice, and bones of his native country, and the wood he had ſeen grow, were all too mean for him; and if this fooliſh pride led him to ſell them, to purchaſe with the money the cinnamon, oyſters, and mice of India, certainly nature would not afford him ſufficient to ſatisfy his luxury; and he muſt ſoon be plunged into a a ſea of cares and debts.

I do not like thoſe people who hoard up their money, after they have ſupplied the preſſing wants of nature, and do not allow themſelves innocent pleaſures; but I likewiſe believe that men ought firſt to be careful to ſecure neceſſaries, before they think of ſuperfluities. The art of avoiding ſuperfluous expences, to be able to procure neceſſaries, I call œconomy. Œconomy, œconomy, dear Mr. Parſon, you have ſtill to learn, or elſe all your induſtry will go for nothing; care will ſtill purſue you; and, do not take amiſs what I am going to ſay, you will only leave your poor children debts, and cheat the tradeſpeople. Good day, Sir, do not take offence at my well meant reprimand.

I muſt own this rough admonition hurt me a little; but when I coolly reflected, I could not help acknowledging, that the good farmer was in the right. I conſidered within myſelf, if God, who had taken ſuch care of the raven, had not been equally good to me, and ſoon ſaw, though there were ſome things above my reach, that I was ſurrounded by every neceſſary of life, as well as the raven.

My ground afforded flax, my ſheep wool, and with the help of a maid, who milks the cows, and does the hardeſt work, my wife could ſpin ſufficient of both to clothe the whole family. My dairy ſupplies us with milk, butter and cheeſe; my garden furniſhes all kinds of vegetables; and poultry and pigs ſerve to vary our meals; inſtead of beer, we make cyder of the apples you ſee the trees are loaded with. Nay, I found I could ſpare ſome milk and vegetables to my poor pariſhioners after our own wants were ſupplied. And whatever was neceſſary beſides, the income of the curacy enabled us to purchaſe. I then propoſed to my wife that we ſhould firſt provide food and clothes, and not allow ourſelves any ſuperfluities till we had money to ſpare.

From that moment I diſmiſſed my cares, and ever forgot my dear bought experience. After I had paid my debts, I ſaved enough to render my houſe neat and convenient, and even to buy ſome furniture and books, beſides improving my garden, and giving a little to the poor—*and for all theſe I have to thank my labour and œconomy.*

CHAP. VII.

WHEN the Curate had finiſhed the laſt ſentence, he roſe, and ſaid, he was now obliged to viſit a ſick perſon, who wanted his advice. Do you wiſh to accompany me Charles? Yes, anſwered he, I ſhould like to go.

They then went out together, and ſoon came to a little thatched houſe. The Curate knocked with his ſtick againſt the door; a woman opened it, and the moment ſhe ſaw him, began to wring her hands, and cry, it is all over; it is all over; but come in.

She opened the chamber door—gracious God, what a dreadful ſight! On the bed lay a man

a man, whoſe mouth and noſe were almoſt eat away by a cancer. On the foot of the bed ſat four children, who, as ſoon as the Curate entered, burſt into tears, and cried our poor father, ſee how he ſuffers. The Curate could not reſtrain his tears, he turned his face to the wall and wept, and Charles wept with him. When he had wiped away his tears, he came towards the ſick man, and ſaid in a ſoftened voice, how do you find yourſelf, my poor friend?

As well as can be expected replied he; I take care as much as poſſible not to be fretful, I am patient, and by the help of patience one may endure the greateſt pain. If I were impatient and threw myſelf from one ſide of the bed to the other, and quarrelled peviſhly with my family, I ſhould ſoon be quite loſt. My pain would become more violent, my blood heated by impatience, and reſtleſs anxiety would encreaſe the fury of my diſorder, and my wife and children who have without this, ſufficient trouble, would no longer tenderly watch over me. But reſignation moderates every pang; and my wife, children, and neighbours pity, nurſe, and hearten me up.—*Patience can ſoften every pain.*

You are right, my good friend, anſwered the Curate, when we ſuffer we cannot do bet-

ter than moderate our impatience, and conceal our anguiſh. Is it the fault of the innocent people who ſurround us, that we are afflicted? Why then ſhould we make them ſuffer for it? or by our ill-humour, drive them away, whom duty does not compel to take care of us; how much more grateful it is to be nurſed rather from a motive of affection, than mere duty. Poor man! you know not how ſincerely I pity you, and with what ſatisfaction I viſit you; but I ſhould have little compaſſion for you, and viſit you with regret, if your painful ſtate only excited murmurs and diſcontent. God bleſs and ſupport you! continue to give proofs of your patience and fortitude, till death delivers you from all your miſery, and truſting in the mercy of your heavenly father, you compoſedly cloſe your eyes. The Curate ſaid much more to comfort this poor ſick man, and cordially ſqueezing his hand, ſlipped a piece of money into it and haſtened out of the cottage, becauſe he had heard that another ſick man ſtood in need of his advice.

Charles followed him, and they ſoon came to a hut, where they ſaw a ſtill more lamentable ſight. A man with a pale disfigured

countenance

countenance and livid lips, was ſtretched on a bed of half rotten ſtraw. Miſerably dirty tattered rags covered his body, but in ſuch a manner, that through the many holes and rents they could ſee the form of a ſkeleton. He wiſhed to ſpeak to the Curate, but a violent cough tormented him ſo, that he could not, till he had thrown up great clots of blood from his lungs. Great God pity me! what excruciating pain! groaned he out when the cough ceaſed for a moment, and fell back exhauſted, on his wretched bed.

The Curate ſaw his miſerable ſtate, and begged him to try to compoſe himſelf, ſince by patience, pain itſelf was ſoftened.

After a few minutes, he enquired what was the matter with him? a conſumption, anſwered he, with a ſuffocated voice.

And how did you fall into it? again enquired the Curate.

The ſick man was ſilent for a moment, then collecting all his ſtrength to raiſe himſelf, he gnaſhed his teeth through anguiſh, he roſe with much difficulty.

All this miſery, ſaid he, in broken words and a low hollow voice, for his lungs were

already half gone, *all this misery I owe to my intemperance.*

Some years ago, I unfortunately became acquainted with a number of idle dissolute young men, and they taught me to drink.—

In the morning I drank drams, and in the evening sat at the ale house till midnight, swallowing strong beer. Thus I neglected my work, and often, when I was half drunk, quarrelled and fought with my neighbours, to whom I was obliged to give money to hush it up; nay, one of them went to law with me, it cost me a main sight of money, but to be sure I used him very ill. Where could money come from to pay for all this? I sold one piece of ground after another, sheep, cows, horses, cloaths; in short, every thing was thrown away, and only for drink. And now see what I am become—a beggar.—Oh! and through drunkenness, and drunken broils, I am come to this—oh, reverend Sir, here, pressing his hand to his side, here I feel it—

He would have said more, but a violent fit of coughing which almost stopped his breath, prevented him. He struggled and struggled for breath, till he had brought up a quantity of blood, and sighing piteously, cast his eyes on his wretched bed. The Curate then said to him, try

to

to compoſe yourſelf, unhappy man, you experience the dreadful effects of intemperance. God has given us an appetite to eat and drink, that we may never forget to refreſh and nouriſh our bodies; and if we only ate till our hunger was ſatisfied, and did not drink till we were thirſty, we ſhould reliſh our food and preſerve our health and ſtrength. But when we take more than is neceſſary, to pleaſe the palate, it all turns to poiſon; we become indolent, and bad humours break out in naſty ſores, and at laſt corrupt the blood, ſtomach, lungs, and in ſhort, the whole body. Poverty and ſickneſs follow, and extreme pain, which only ends in an untimely death. Is not this a truth, which I for ſome years have been repeating to you without effect?

O yes, too true, anſwered the ſick wretch, but I did not believe you, becauſe I did not fall ſick ſuddenly—this dreadful cough came on by degrees, and my companions perſuaded me it was only a cold, till I had no more money to treat them with, then they left me to ſtarve alone and remember all you had ſaid—yes, it was all true—I now feel it—what a fool I was, not to liſten to you, who had only my good at heart. You wiſh now, aſked the Curate, that you

had lived a different life? It racks me, anſwered the poor wretch, when I think what a diſorderly life I have led. Gracious God, if I had obeyed thy commands, if I had been temperate, what a happy man ſhould I now be, enjoying my health and the fortune my father left me;—inſtead of that I am lying here ſick and in miſery—a beggar!—Merciful God have pity on me! A flood of tears rolled down his pale cheeks, and the Curate and Charles felt both ſhocked and affected.

The Curate tried to comfort him, and promiſed to ſend him ſome broth; after he had left him, he turned to Charles and ſaid, if that poor wretch had repented ſooner he might perhaps have avoided all this miſery, or at leaſt a great part of it, but now it is too late. It is a fearful thing to put off repentance, till a man cannot ſhew by his conduct that he is aſhamed of his faults. This example ſhould warn all young people to correct their faults as ſoon as their troubled conſcience tells them they have done wrong, for even a child never does wrong without feeling uneaſy. The Curate turned homewards, intending to take Charles to his parents, after he had taken leave of the family.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

BETTY, a country woman, waited for them at the door, to pay the Curate a ſmall ſum he had lent her. He enquired how her farm now went on? She looked him full in the face, and ſaid very ill. How ſo? enquired the Curate.

Then the woman burſt into tears, and ſaid, I am a miſerable creature, I have not had a peaceable hour ſince I ſaw my brother-in-law's good luck. Yes, he lives a fine life, he has built a houſe, and bought, one year, the fine meadow by the church, the next, two more, almoſt as good—what can I purchaſe? nothing!—There ſit I in the old farm, which my grandmother left me; and ſo far from being able to build a houſe, or buy meadows, it will be well if I can keep together the little furniture and the poor piece of ground my father gave me. But theſe things will not laſt for ever. I hope I ſhall live long enough to ſee my boaſting brother-in-law with a beggar's wallet at his back; I have known many fine folks, as proud as he, who were at

laſt obliged to leave their farms, aſhamed to ſhew their faces—though they had held their heads ſo high. But I cannot gueſs where all the money comes from! The rogue muſt get it by ſome ſtrange means; if ſo much could be earned by labour, why cannot I earn it? I never ſit with my hands acroſs when there is any thing to be done.

Good woman, ſaid the Curate, are you ſick?

Betty. God be praiſed, I have no ſickneſs to complain of.

Curate. And your huſband?

Betty. Nothing ails him.

Curate. And your children?

Betty. As gay as larks.

Curate. How are your poultry, and the reſt of your live ſtock?

Betty. Why I cannot ſay I have much reaſon to complain.

Curate. And you have ſomething wholeſome to eat and drink every day, I ſuppoſe.

Betty. Yes, I never knew what it was to want a meal.

Curate. And yet you call yourſelf a wretched woman?

Betty. Yes.—Can I build a houſe? Can I purchaſe a field?

Curate.

Curate. I now ſee clearly, that you are an unhappy woman. You are well, have ſufficient to live on, and have every thing neceſſary render your life comfortable; but you indulge a vicious paſſion, Envy; which prevents your enjoying the bleſſings you poſſeſs, and makes you grieve and pine for thoſe heaven has given to your neighbours. Poor woman! as long as you nouriſh envy, you will eat bitter bread, and enjoy none of the comforts within your reach. Look at yourſelf in the glaſs, you had formerly a ruddy freſh colour, and now you are grown quite ſallow: Envy is the cauſe of this change, it has turned the red to yellow. And at night, I know you have not any reſt, by your ſunk eyes—Envy keeps you awake. But what is worſe than all envy has ſo miſled you, that you have told lies of an innocent man, who never did you any harm.—What horrid wickedneſs! Recollect yourſelf, you have called him a rogue; yet I know, that there is not an honeſter man in the whole village. He has only to thank his conſtant induſtry and prudence for living ſo well in the world. What, do you call that honeſt friendly man a rogue? who was ſo kind to you, when your huſband was ſick

at

at harveſt time, ſome years ago; he then worked hard to ſave your wheat, without expecting any reward.

The woman began to cry, ſhe wiſhed to excuſe herſelf; but the Curate interrupted her, ſaying, is it poſſible to call a man ſo good, ſo honeſt, and ſo friendly, a rogue? You alſo deprive yourſelf of all your comfort and pleaſure, health and ſleep, and render yourſelf old and ugly before your time. Conſider a moment, how fooliſh you muſt be, and that envy is a hideous vice.

The woman ſaw now that ſhe was envious, ſhe hung down her head, thanked the Curate for his counſel, and went away.

Charles now took leave of the kind family; and the Curate reached his hat and ſtick to accompany him; but a bird that hung in the window made ſuch a diſmal noiſe, running from one ſide of the cage to the other, that he ſtopped a moment, and looking into the drawer, found that the poor bird had not one grain of ſeed left, nor any water. It was a bird George had caught, when it fell from it's neſt and hurt it's wing, and ever ſince he had been very fond of it; but he was ſo taken up this morning with lament-

lamenting the death of Pompey, that he had quite forgotten his lark. The Curate was diſpleaſed, and called George, bidding him look at his bird, he added, ſee the effects of immoderate ſorrow; if I had not obſerved the poor lark, it would have died with hunger this night; and in the morning we ſhould have had new lamentations, becauſe you neglected your duty.

George fed the bird, while the Curate and Charles went out through the garden gate.

CHAP. IX.

THEY ſoon came to the wood where Charles had loſt himſelf the day before, and to the place where he thought he had ſeen ſpirits. Charles could not help laughing, when he ſaw and touched the buſhes and branches which had raiſed ſuch terror in his mind. Stop little man, ſaid he to a buſh, which the wind had made nod the evening before, and

prop-

propping it up, I will teach thee to frighten people.

But Sir, aſked he, are there no ſpectres. I believe not, anſwered the Curate; I have lived ſome years in the world, and walk in the dark at all hours, and yet I never have ſeen a ſpectre. Many people will ſay that they have ſeen them and I will tell you how it happens. Sometimes people ſee ſomething when it is almoſt dark, it frightens them, and fear makes them take it for a ghoſt; then they ſtart and ſcream, and tell what a frightful ſpectre they have ſeen. If you had not returned to the wood to-day, and examined the things which cauſed you ſuch terror, you would have had ſome dreadful ſtories to relate; and you might poſſitively have declared that they were true. Sometimes fooliſh people play malicious tricks to diſturb their acquaintance. I have heard of many of theſe tricks, I will mention one.

Three officers came ſome years ago to an inn, and were conducted into the beſt room. Soon after their ſuperiour officer came, and they were obliged to give up the beſt room to him. This vexed them, and they conſulted together how they ſhould play him a trick. As ſoon as he was aſleep, they came into his chamber, with ſheets wrapped around them, and

danced

danced about his bed. That the General was alarmed at firſt, you may ſuppoſe; but he had great preſence of mind, and ſoon gueſſed the trick, and ſilently pulling up the ſheet, he ſlid out of bed, covering himſelf with it, without having been perceived by them, and joined in the dance. What! what, four white things! The officers were frightened, haſtened out of the room without further conſideration, and the next morning declared that the houſe was haunted.

It is thus, my dear Charles that ſtories of ſpirits and haunted houſes gain belief; either the people did not ſee clearly through fear, or others have deceived them. When at night you ſee ſomething, which you do not know what to make of, advance with courage to it, and look more nearly at it, and you will always find, that you have deceived yourſelf, or that ſome one has played you a trick.

Charles ſhook his head, as if he could not believe him, and ſaid, I will tell you a ſtory that is very true. Our old maid ſits ſometimes in a room till eleven or twelve o'clock: one night there came a little white man, not bigger than me, into the room, and continually made a motion with his hand.

The

The maid, who had been told how ſhe ought to behave to ſuch a ſpirit, ſhould ſhe chance to meet with it, followed it. Then the ſpirit led her into the cellar, gave her a ſpade, and ſaid, dig in this place, but obſerve, you muſt not ſpeak a ſingle word. She dug, and found a great braſs kettle full of gold. She went to ſeize it, crying out what a heap of gold. Then ſhe heard a voilent noiſe, and it all diſappeared. What think you of this Sir? did the maid not ſee clearly, or did ſome one play her a trick?

In this caſe, anſwered the Curate, it was neither the one nor the other; but the old maid has told you a lie, as a ſtory to divert you; ſhe knew it was not true. For there are many people who amuſe themſelves with inventing ſuch ſtories, and telling them to children and fooliſh creatures, who are idle, and glad to catch hold of any nonſenſical ſtory.

Will you not give ſomething to a poor man, (cried a voice from behind an oak) which interrupted their diſcourſe. The Curate and Charles looked round, to ſee from whence the voice came, and ſaw a miſerable beggar, who had loſt his right arm, and with the left held his hat out to receive charity. The

Curate

Curate was moved, and gave him a penny; and Charles threw a half-penny into the hat.

How came you to loſe your arm? ſaid the Curate.

The beggar roſe with ſome trouble, and anſwered, if you will permit me to accompany you, I will tell you. I came into the world as well formed as you; but when I was a child I was a fooliſh raſh creature. I did nothing but climb and ſcramble up trees and dangerous places, only for the ſake of climbing. My father and mother were always deſiring me to be careful. Child, child, my mother would ſay, pray do not climb up ſuch dangerous places. But I did not mind what they ſaid; if I had obeyed my good parents, I ſhould now be another kind of man. One day I ſaw under our thatch a ſwallow's neſt. I will ſoon have that, thought I, and I raiſed a great ladder againſt the wall and ſtepped from it on a rotten board over a window. Crack, crack went the board, and I fell with it to the ground, and broke my precious arm—my right arm! My father and mother wept, and ran for a ſurgeon to ſet it, but before they could find him it was terribly ſwelled. He tormented me above three weeks, drawing one ſplinter out after another. At laſt the whole arm was black—

black as a coal; and nothing could ſave it, it muſt be cut off.—It was a dreadful operation, and afterwards they took a red hot iron, and held it to the part, to ſtop the blood. So I became a cripple! My father loved me, and when he died left me all the money he had pinched himſelf to ſave for me. But as I could not work I ſoon ſpent it, and now I muſt live on what I beg from charitable people. My brothers, who received nothing from my father, earn a comfortable livelihood, for they have arms, while I am wretched, and often ſick through hunger and cold. *Truly Sir, ſound limbs are of more value than gold.*

The Curate tried to comfort him; be not troubled poor man, ſaid he, if you are an honeſt man, and bear your infirmity with patience, and hurt no one, you will always find charitable people who will have compaſſion on you. Believe me, you will never want neceſſaries.

Very well, anſwered the man, but Sir, if I could only be of ſome uſe! I eat the bread of idleneſs—is it not dreadful for me to ſee all men working for one another, and that I alone muſt be a burthen to them. I often

wiſh

wiſh to die, that I might no more be pointed at as a miſerable creature.

The Curate gave him ſixpence, and bid him call ſometimes at his houſe, and if he was ſober and honeſt, he would try to find him ſome employment.

CHAP. X.

WHILE they were converſing in this manner, they heard the ſound of coach wheels. Curioſity led Charles to advance a few ſteps before them, and ſaw it peep from behind the buſhes. — Is it poſſible! yes, indeed, indeed, Sir, Sir, here comes my dear father and mother! Cried he, ſtretching his arms out towards the coach; the coachman ſtopped, he flew like the wind, and threw his arms firſt round his father's neck, then his mother's, and could only bring out, dear father!—dear mother! His parents were alſo almoſt melted into tears, and held their loſt ſon in their arms afew minutes without ſpeaking a word.

At

At laſt the father broke ſilence, and aſked, had you no companion with you? A companion, anſwered Charles, O yes, there he is; ſcarcely had he finiſhed theſe words before he ſprung out of the carriage, caught the Curate's hand, led him to his father, and ſaid, this is the good man, who yeſterday ſaved my life.

Mr. Jones ſtepped out, and taking the Curate's hand, ſaid, as he cordially ſhook it, dear Sir, how ſhall I thank you for all you have done for my poor loſt boy? Pray come into the coach, and ſpeak to my wife; we came this way to meet you, and ſpare you part of your walk, and now we will carry you home.

As ſoon as the Curate was ſeated, drive on, cried Charles, to the coachman. But the Curate ſaid, be not in ſuch haſte, my young friend, I muſt make that poor man known to your father. He beckoned to him, and related, in a few words his hiſtory. Mr. Jones was moved with compaſſion, and threw half a crown into the poor man's hat, and his wife followed his example. The miſerable creature's eyes ſparkled with joy—and he almoſt bowed to the ground as he drew back; at the ſame time Mr. Jones ſqueezed the Cu-

rate's hand, and thanked him for having procured him the pleaſure of making glad a poor man's heart

As they drove along, Charles was obliged to relate circumſtantially what had happened to him the day before, and how kindly he had been treated by the Curate and his family. Mr. Jones and his wife became more and more, attached to this good family the longer they liſtened to Charles, and eagerly wiſhed ſoon to ſee them all together. They deſired the coachman to drive faſter, and away they went full drive, throwing up the duſt, and rattling over the gravel, and ſplaſhing through the little brooks which ran acroſs the road. Now they entered a narrow rocky road; yet Charles was very unwilling to let the horſes ſlacken their pace, though the way was ſo rough. But could he have foreſeen the diſagreeable accident which awaited them in the narrow lane, he would have wiſhed to have gone a mile round to have avoided it; for they had hardly advanced an hundred yards before they met another coach.

Make way! cried John, the driver of the other coach. Fool, replied Nicholas, Mr. Jones's coachman, how would you have me make way? Do you not ſee the rock on one

ſide

ſide and the mountain on the other? Why did you enter ſuch a narrow rough road aſked John. And if you were ſo well acquainted with it, ſneeringly retorted Nicholas, why did you venture? Then the two coachmen began to curſe and ſwear at each other, in a moſt dreadful manner.

Mr. Gruff, the man who ſat in the other coach, called out to his coachman, knock the raſcal down, if he will not clear the way. This brutal ſpeech rouſed Mr. Jones's anger, he ſnatched at his ſtick, nor could his wife or the Curate detain him. Mr. Gruff jumped out at the ſame time; and they advanced angrily towards each other. The coachmen ſprang from their ſeats, threw aſide their whips, and began to box ſo unmercifully, that the blood ſoon ſtreamed from their heads. Mr. Jones and Gruff raiſed their voices more and more. Mrs. Jones wept, for God's ſake my dear come back! Charles lamented, Nicholas, Nicholas, pray make it up! The Curate tried to ſoften matters by good words; but all this was of no uſe. There was a dreadful buſtle, and the Curate expected every inſtant to ſee the two gentlemen proceed to blows, as well as the coachmen.

At laſt Mr. Jones recollected himſelf;—he ſtretched out his hand in a friendly manner, ſaying, I beg your pardon, Sir, I am too haſty.

Mr. Gruff. What then—what then—why are you ſo haſty?

Mr. Jones. It is very fooliſh to be ſo, and if we do not moderate our anger, we may in the heat of diſpute forget ourſelves and fall on each other like wild animals, or like thoſe two men.

Mr. Gruff. It might happen—but perhaps you think that I am afraid of you?

Mr. Jones. No; but would you be ſo cruel as to ſtrike an innocent man?

Mr. Gruff. If he provoked me, what would you have me do?

Mr. Jones. And if you had beaten me till I could no longer ſtand, would that have moved my coach one inch out of the way?

Mr. Gruff. No, to be ſure; who ever thought of ſuch a thing?

Mr. Jones. Would it not have been more reaſonable, if I had ordered the coachman to back his horſes till he made room for your's to paſs?

Mr. Gruff. Yes, if you would do that?

Mr. Jones. I will do it with pleaſure.

Mr. Gruff. Why did you not do it at firſt?

Mr. Jones. I ſhould have done it very readily if your coachman, and, excuſe me, Sir, if you had uſed different words.

Mr. Gruff was ſoftened by this frank treatment, he took his offered hand, ſaying, forgive me Sir, I feel that I have been very unreaſonable and rude! I am the cauſe of all—my violence encouraged my coachman, I ought not to have ſuffered him to uſe ſuch groſs language.

The Curate was very glad to ſee that this diſagreable affair had taken ſuch an unexpected turn. He caught Mrs. Jones's hand, and ſaid, how noble it is when a man can moderate his anger! *How beautiful is forbearance!* A violent enemy has often been ſo touched by it, as to become ever after a firm friend; what dignity has this ſelf-command given to your huſband's appearance, my heart begins to warm to him.

While all this paſſed, the coachmen were on the ground fighting like two bulldogs. My dear Sirs, ſaid the Curate, we have no time to loſe, let us part theſe mad men, or we ſhall never be able to purſue our way.

They ran to the furious coachmen, but they were ſo covered with blood and mud that

that they could not diſtinguiſh the colour of their coats. They called to them, but anger is deaf, they forgot every thing in their fury—and all attempts to ſeparate them only rendered them more violent. At laſt, John's eye met his maſter's, and he would have diſengaged himſelf, but Nicholas flung him ſo unmercifully down again, that his head ſtruck againſt one of the wheels of the coach, and he remained motionleſs on the ground. Now when John could no longer reſiſt him, Nicholas firſt came to himſelf, he grew calm in a moment, and would have raiſed John, but there appeared no more life in him; his countenance was pale, and his head fell on his ſhoulder. Nicholas ſhook him gently, crying out at the ſame time, John, John, canſt thou not hear me; but John anſwered never a word. He then leaped up, ſtruck his bloody hands violently againſt both ſides of his own head, and ſcreamed out in an agony—God be merciful to me, what have I done! What a fury I have been—I have, I have killed thee John, my old friend John!

They were all terrified by theſe lamentations, and ſurrounding poor John, joined in them. The Curate had moſt preſence of mind, and reſolution. What ſignifies all this ſor-

row and compaſſion, ſaid he, let us ſee how we can help the man. He bid Charles bring a little water in his hat, from a ſmall ſtream which ran among the rocks, and Mrs. Jones held her ſmelling bottle to the poor man's noſe, while the Curate rubbed his temples till there was an appearance of returning life. They all ſtood ſilent, eagerly watching over him, and joy appeared in every face when he again opened his eyes. Nicholas was almoſt frantic with delight, he ſqueezed John's hand, begged him to forgive him, and tried again to help him up. But John was ſo weak his legs could not ſupport him, he tottered, and would have fallen, if Nicholas had not held him up.

Now what was to be done? Mr. Gruff had not a man to drive him, nor Nicholas any one to aſſiſt him to back the horſes. They all ſtood lamenting a quarter of an hour and could not think of any means to go forward. At laſt the Curate ſaid, if we do not find an expedient, we muſt paſs the night here, and perhaps this poor man may loſe his life by our delay. Come let us not trifle away any more time, one of the coaches muſt firſt be drawn back, which ſhall it be?— Mine, mine, cried out Mr. Jones and Mr. Gruff

Gruff, in the ſame breath. They would both gladly have had the merit of yielding firſt. The Curate conſidered a moment, and then obſerved, that out of reſpect to the lady, it appeared moſt reaſonable that Mr. Gruff's coach ſhould be backed to let them haſten home, and then Nicholas might return to aſſiſt Mr. Gruff. But what can I do alone with John, anſwered he in a compaſſionate tone; ſuppoſe he ſhould faint again with loſs of blood?—I know of no other way, interrupted the Curate, than to take him in Mr. Jones's coach to my houſe; and I will take care of him till he is perfectly well.

And now muſt the people, who an hour before would not yield a foot of their pretended right, ſubmit to the greateſt inconvenience: Firſt they brought John all covered with mud and blood, to ſeat him in Mr. Jones's coach; and the Curate ſaid to Nicholas, with ſome indignation, as he helped to lift him in—*Behold the fruits of anger!* When men give themſelves up to anger, they act fooliſhly, and know no more what they are about; and after the fit of anger is over, they ſorely repent of their folly, as you do now.

Nicholas drew the coach back with great difficulty, large drops of ſweat ran down his

cheeks, he was ſo fatigued, though they all aſſiſted him, except Mrs. Jones and Charles, they ſat in the coach, and ſupported John. After this labourious buſineſs, Nicholas mounted his box and drove ſlowly and mournfully forward.

Mr. Gruff followed them with his eyes till they were out of ſight, he would willingly have accompanied them; but he was obliged to ſtay and watch his horſes, till Nicholas came back. Poor man, the time ſeemed to him very long; he remained alone two hours in the place of his ſervant, he might have amuſed himſelf, but he could think of nothing but his fooliſh conduct, and how little his anger muſt have made him look.

CHAP. XI.

MEAN time Mr. Jones and his company advanced towards the village where the Curate lived. But they were continually terrified;

rified; for John fainted ſeveral times, falling firſt on one then on another.

It may eaſily be ſuppoſed what naſty figures they all appeared, covered with mud and blood; but they would willingly have borne all this, if John had been better: He grew worſe and worſe, and they were dreafully afraid that he would die in the coach before they reached the Curate's houſe. They every moment looked out of the window, to ſee if they could ſee the ſteeple riſing out of the trees; and bid Nicholas drive as faſt as poſſible to eaſe them of their fears. But the coach road was three or four miles round. Nicholas did all he could to haſten forward; yet, they were an hour on the road, and their apprehenſions made it appear as long as four or five

When at laſt they arrived at the door, their firſt care was about John. They wiſhed to lead him into the houſe, but the motion was too much for him, and he ſunk ſenſeleſs into the Curate's arms. He prayed ſome countrymen, whom curioſity had gathered round the coach, to aſſiſt to carry him into the houſe.

It is eaſy to ſuppoſe the terror this ſight raiſed in the family. Henrietta looked at her

huſband, when ſhe ſaw them bring in a ſtranger, who ſeemed to be dead. The children cried, Mr. Jones and his wife ſtood mute, and the Curate himſelf walked in an agitated manner once or twice up and down the chamber. At laſt he ſaid, let one inſtantly go for Mr. Smith, the ſurgeon. George ſtarted up immediately, and ran down ſtairs. How tedious did the quarter of an hour appear. They went every moment to the window to ſee if he was comiug; and from the window to John, felt his pulſe, rubbed his temples, held vingar to his noſe; but all would not do; he did not open his eyes. He is dead, cried the Curate's wife, he is dead cried Mrs. Jones;—yes, yes, he is dead, ſaid the children after them, and they all began to weep.

The Curate himſelf was alarmed, he walked ſometimes quick, ſometimes ſlow up and down the room, looked earneſtly out of the window, then returning to John, ſoon would leave him, with a ſigh, and yet come back again. In one of his walks, he turned on Nicholas, who ſtood ſtupid with grief in a dark corner. What do you do here, aſked he, I thought you were returned long ago to Mr. Gruff? I could not go, replied he, if it

was

was to ſave my life, till I know what will become of John. They all tried to perſuade him; but he could only anſwer, that he could not leave that place till he knew what would become of John. While they were diſputing, Mr. Smith the Surgeon, entered. They all flocked round him, eager to hear if he thought the poor man had any life in him.

We ſhall ſee, we ſhall ſee, ſaid he, and made them relate in a few words the ſad accident; he approached the bed, took a fine feather out of the pillow, and held it to John's noſe, the down on the feather moved. He lives ſtill, cried he, ſee he breathes; but let us ſtrip off his clothes and open a vein. He opened it and the blood flowed. A moment after he breathed with more force, opened his eyes, and looked round with a ſtare of wild aſtoniſhment--where--where am I? ſaid he with a weak voice. By me, by me! cried Nicholas, ſurely you know me again dear John? John groaned and ſhut his eyes. The ſurgeon examined his head; they all had their eyes fixed on him, but he remained ſilent, till Mr. Jones aſked, is there any hope? Then every one joined in the enquiry but Nicholas, and his eyes were faſtened on the ſurgeon's face, while he ſtood with his mouth

open, almoſt afraid to breathe.—Yes, ſaid the ſurgeon, there is hope, and if nothing unexpected happens, he may be able to return to his maſter in a few days.

They all rejoiced when they heard this news. God be thanked! cried Nicholas, for the good hopes; now I am happy, and I will go with a light heart and drive Mr. Gruff home. Then he went, and found Mr. Gruff very uneaſy and impatient.

After John was placed comfortably in bed, the Curate deſired the children to be very quiet; we may now all be content, ſaid he, ſince there is hope. *Oh, what a charming thing is hope!* How ſatisfied we are, when in any vexatious ſituations, we can ſtill look forward to ſomething good which awaits us.

CHAP. XII.

IT now grew late in the evening, and the Curate, with reaſon, ſuppoſed that his gueſts muſt by this time be very hungry. He requeſted

queſted his wife to let them quickly have ſomething to eat; this was ſoon done, ſhe brought out all that her pantry contained. It was not much; but all was good of its kind, and produced with ſuch neatneſs and order, that the whole company ſat down with a ſharp appetite, and would have enjoyed their meal, if they had not been interrupted juſt as they began to eat. John's room was over the parlour, and they heard ſuch loud groans ſuddenly iſſue from it, that they haſtily roſe, and all ran anxiouſly to aſk what was the matter? What he wanted? Ah! my poor wife, my poor children! what will they think when they find I do not come home to night! If they hear of my quarrel, if they do not hear whether I am ſtill alive—what will become of them!

The whole company felt for him, and looked at each other, not knowing what to ſay to comfort him, his grief was ſo reaſonable. Mr. Jones drew his wife aſide, and ſaid, I can eaſily repreſent to myſelf the trouble this poor man muſt endure—if ſuch an accident had happened to me—and I could not return to you.—My love, interrupted ſhe, if you were once to ſtay from home, and I heard that you laid at the point of death—deareſt life I could

not bear that! Charles began to weep, and ſaid, you die dear father and I not be with you, I ſhould die of grief!

The poor man, the poor woman and her children, I wiſh I could think of ſome way to help them, ſaid Mr. Jones. Dear father, ſaid Charles, I am ſure you can think of ſomething. Mr. Jones, rubbed his forehead, and ſaid, true I could think of ſomething; but then it would be expenſive. I will not aſk for ſixpence, before Chriſtmas, eagerly anſwered Charles, if you will help this poor man. Well, replied Mr. Jones, we will ſee what can be done. He then turned to the Curate to enquire if he could procure him a meſſenger, to ſet off directly for John's little hut, and inform his family that he was out of danger, and with people who would take care of him. It would not be very difficult replied the Curate, but as it is late, and the way long and dreary, he will expect to be well paid for his trouble. I would willingly give a guinea, ſaid Mr. Jones, I ſhould think that would be ſufficient?—Yes, more than will be expected, interrupted the Curate, I dare ſay I ſhall procure a ſtrong lad in this neighbourhood for half the money.

He

He went out and ſoon returned with one; who had ſeized with joy the opportunity of earning ſome money, and promiſed to deliver his meſſage very faithfully.—And the ſurgeon, ſaid Mr. Jones, I will ſettle with him, and diſcharge all the other expences, pray let him want for nothing. I will take care that he wants for nothing, replied the Curate, but you Sir, need not be at any further expenſe. Nay, interrupted Mr. Jones, you have already had trouble enough, without being obliged to pay the Surgeon, you my good friend have too much ſenſe to indulge falſe pride, your poor pariſhioners want all the money you can ſpare, you muſt let me ſettle this matter. The Curate ſhook him by the hand and conſented. They then approached John's bed, and informed him that a meſſage had been ſent to his wife, and that he and his family would be taken care of till he was able to work. Indeed, indeed, cried John have you ſent to my wife, and will you be ſo kind to me. God reward you, you are a tender hearted man, *your compaſſion has ſaved my life*, and made me quite content. Now I ſhall go quietly to ſleep, ſince I know that my wife and children will not be fretting all night.

The

The whole company felt pleaſed with John for having ſuch an affection for his family; and the meal they returned to ſeemed ſweeter than ever.

During ſupper time the Curate ſpoke more than uſual, and they were all cheerful. Is it not ordered in a wonderfully wiſe manner, ſaid he, that a good man always grows ſad when he ſees another ſad?—that is to ſay, he feels compaſſion. It is really true that compaſſion renders many hours uneaſy, which might have paſſed pleaſantly, if we were not diſturbed by the miſery which others ſuffer.—For inſtance, we ſhould have gone on quietly with our meal, if John's groans had not affected us. But pity, the compaſſionate feeling I have mentioned, is very uſeful, as it impels us to aſſiſt our ſuffering fellow-creatures. As ſoon as Charles felt compaſſion, he offered to give up all the money he was to receive till Chriſtmas, but before he felt this emotion, he did not think of it. Thus we find by compaſſion a number of perſons have been ſaved, who might have been loſt, if others had not been diſturbed by their ſufferings. And when we have comforted an afflicted man, we are ſo light, ſo gay, that every

pleaſure

pleaſure has a finer reliſh—as you Charles now find that apple-pye has—Am I not right?

Charles ſmiled, and ſaid, that is very true, I never before thought my ſupper taſted ſo good—and when I think that John will ſoon be well—I am ſo glad!———

Good Charles, continued the Curate, exerciſe your compaſſion inſtead of trying to ſtifle it for preſent eaſe. If in future you ſee a man in diſtreſs or pain, and your mind is troubled, do not ſoon try to overcome this anguiſh of heart; but rather imagine yourſelf in the place of the ſufferer, and think what you ſhould feel if you were in the ſame ſituation.—Then would your heart ſoon tell you what you ought to do; and pity would procure you many ſuch pleaſant moments as you now enjoy.

CHAP. XIII.

THE Curate would have continued the converſation, if he had not been interrupted by the maid, who whiſpered ſomething in his ear.

How?

How? aſked the Curate, will he not come, though I have ſo earneſtly invited him? I did not believe that there had been in the world a man with ſuch an hard unfeeling heart.—Well, if he will not come to me, I will go to him.

He roſe haſtily, took his ſtick, and was going out—But the company ſeemed diſturbed, and ſtopped him to aſk what diſagreeable accident had happened? I beg your pardon for leaving you a few moments, I am uneaſy, but I hope that I ſhall ſoon return much eaſier. He then went out and left them unable to gueſs why he went ſo abruptly.

The cauſe was this, his eldeſt brother, for above half a year had not behaved to him like a brother. He had not written to him as uſual, and when the Curate wrote to him he did not anſwer his letter; and he had paſſed three times through the village and never viſited him. Now this evening the Curate had heard from the ſurgeon, that his brother was there, and intended to ſleep at the inn; he therefore ſent his maid privately to entreat him to ſpend the evening at his houſe; but he rudely anſwered that he would not come. The Curate then went to him.

When

When he opened the room door, he ſaw his brother in deep thought, walking backwards and forwards with haſty ſtrides, and frightful geſtures. He ſtood ſtill at the door a few moments, till his brother perceived him, and turning fiercely on him, aſked what he wanted?

Curate. I am come to viſit you.

Brother. Did I invite you?

Curate. No, indeed; but I think it would not have been right to have had a brother, who once loved me, and whom I ſtill love, ſo near me and not to have called to ſee him. I invited you, why did you not come?

Brother. Unworthy hypocritical man—do you aſk why?

Curate. I do; nay, I aſk ſtill more—why have you paſſed three times through my village and have not viſited me?

Brother. Do you wiſh to know?

Curate. Certainly I wiſh it, and I ſhall not leave you before you have told me.

Brother. Know it then—I hate you!

Curate. Hate me!

Brother. Shall I ſay it again? I hate—I deteſt you!

Curate. And you do not wiſh me any good?

Brother.

Brother. No.

Curate. Nay, perhaps, you wiſh ſome misfortune may befal me?

Brother. I heartily wiſh, that no good may ever reach you and your wicked wife!

Curate. Brother! brother, take care, God hears you! can ſuch thoughts riſe in your heart againſt me who have ever been an affectionate brother—and againſt my innocent wife?

Brother. Yes, becauſe you are my brother; if a ſtranger had injured me, it would not have hurt me half as much.

Curate. I injured you!—How?

Brother. I ſuppoſe you wiſh to excuſe yourſelf.

Curate. No, not excuſe myſelf; but to know what I have done?

Brother. Is it not to you I owe—I tremble with rage when I think of your wickedneſs! I cannot go on.———

Curate. What wickedneſs?

Brother. Is it not wickedneſs to ſeparate a brother from his promiſed wife?

Curate. What, to whom were you attached? I cannot gueſs what you mean to ſay.

Brother. Did you not know that I wiſhed to marry your wife's ſiſter?

Curate. No, I knew nothing of it.

Brother.

Brother. Did you not know that ſhe was inclined to conſent?

Curate. I knew nothing of the matter.

Brother. Do you not know, that you have prejudiced her againſt me, and perſuaded her to marry another?

Curate. All this is news to me.

Brother. Now, this is contemptible! Firſt to injure me, and then to have the inſolence to deny it.

Curate. But dear brother did I ever injure you before?

Brother. Never.

Curate. How can you then believe, that I ſhould ſuddenly become ſuch a hypocritical wretch?

Brother. It was with great difficulty that I could believe you ſo wicked, but the whole conduct of your ſiſter-in-law, gave riſe to my *ſuſpicions* againſt you.

Curate. And what was there in her conduct to give riſe to it?

Brother. I gave her to underſtand that I wiſhed to marry her; ſhe heard me ſo mildly, and promiſed in ſuch a ſoft tone of voice to give me ſoon a final anſwer, that I firmly believed that ſhe would accept of my offered hand. Soon after ſhe ſpent a ſhort time

time at your houſe, and when ſhe returned ſhe ſent me an abſolute refuſal, and married Mr. Roberts. What could I then ſuppoſe; but that ſhe went to aſk your advice, and you adviſed her to marry your friend Roberts, whom you ever had a greater affection for than for me.

Curate. When did you make the propoſal?

Brother. Towards the latter end of February.

Curate. But what if I could prove to you, that ſhe was engaged to Mr. Roberts the foregoing year?

Brother. I wiſh I could ſee that proved!

Curate. You ſhall ſoon ſee it.

Saying ſo the Curate haſtily left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a letter, which his ſiſter-in-law had written to him the November of the preceding year, in which ſhe mentioned to him, that ſhe was engaged to Mr. Roberts, but ſhe wiſhed that it might ſtill remain a ſecret ſome time longer. The angry man read this letter twice over, and ſtood motionleſs a few minutes as if he had been thunderſtruck, then haſtily exclaimed—is it poſſible! have I been ſo unjuſt, and ſuſpected you without a cauſe?

Curate. You ſee how it is.——

Brother.

Brother. I have injured you, my brother, —how could I harbour ſuch vile ſuſpicions— beſt of men; ſaying ſo, he timidly took his hand, pray forgive me, I will never again while I live indulge ſuch unjuſt ſuggeſtions.

Curate. (With his eyes full of tears) What a happy hour is this, in which I again find my brother.

Brother. Good brother, I am ſufficiently puniſhed. Suſpicion and hatred are terrible things, they have continually tormented me. Suſpicion produced hatred; becauſe I believed ill of you, I wiſhed ill to happen to you. Since that time I have not had a contented hour. If I thought of you, if I only read your name, I felt my heart beat quick, I trembled, and forgive, me, ſuffered curſes to eſcape from my lips. I was ill humoured and rude to the people about me. At night I had no reſt, and if I did ſlumber, in my dreams I quarrelled with you. O how my heart uſed formerly to throb with joy, when from the hill I ſaw your village; and how I ſpurred my horſe on quickly to be with you. —But ſince the time I have hated you, I have gnaſhed my teeth when I diſcovered this little village; and the nights I paſſed at the

inn

inn were always dreadful to me. *Ah, how unhappy is the man who hates another.*

Curate. Come, let us forget all, my brother; and, from this hour, have no more unquiet nights from hatred.

The violent man now looked mild, and accepting his brother's invitation, accompanied him to his houſe.

Mr. Jones and his wife were very deſirous to know what had diſturbed the Curate, and where he was gone; and a look of anxiety, which they obſerved on Mrs. Benſon's countenance, made them ſtill more curious. While they were endeavouring to converſe about indifferent things, the Curate entered with his brother, whom they did not know; now, thought they, the whole myſtery will be cleared up.

What, is it you, dear brother? cried out Mrs. Benſon; is it you, who come to us again with ſuch an affectionate friendly countenance; what a happy day, added ſhe, tenderly preſſing his hand. Then ſhe ran to bring him ſome refreſhment, while the children expreſſed their joy. They clung about him, crying, dear uncle! dear uncle! one brought a night cap, another his ſlippers, and the little Caroline brought out of the cloſet part of the cake

which

which Mrs. Jones had given her, and thruſt it into his hand. The uncle was delighted when he ſaw how eagerly the whole family teſtified the pleaſure his return gave them. It is affection which renders us happy, he exclaimed, *if we love others, they will love us in return*; I ſhould have miſſed all this pleaſure if I ſtill foſtered hatred againſt my brother.

Mr. Jones begged him to explain what he meant by theſe hints. May I relate it? aſked the Curate, looking at his brother. O yes, anſwered he; but I ſhould like better to relate it myſelf. And he began to relate the whole miſunderſtanding; how he had firſt nouriſhed ſuſpicions againſt his brother, and afterwards hated him; what ſad days and miſerable nights he had paſſed ſince, and how comfortable he now found himſelf, becauſe love had taken the place of hatred.

During this relation time ran away without their perceiving it. They would have remained ſtill longer together; but juſt as Mr. Jones was beginning to give them another example of a man of his acquaintance, who, by nouriſhing hatred, had deprived himſelf of all his comforts; the clock ſtruck twelve, and they recollected that it was full time to go to reſt.

CHAP. XIV.

THE whole family roſe very early, and, as ſoon as they were dreſſed, they went together to John's room, to enquire how he found himſelf? very well, anſwered he, I was in great pain till long after midnight, and could not cloſe my eyes; but about two o'clock, I fell aſleep, and I cannot deſcribe how comfortably I found that ſleep. All my pain left me; and now I am awake, I feel as if I was new born. *Yes, ſleep is a charming thing!* it frees us from all care and pain, and gives us new ſtrength and vigour. He that ſleeps well has always reaſon to be thankful; I never felt, till now, its full value! In future, when any one wiſhes me a good night, I ſhall thank them with all my heart; and if I have had a good night, I ſhall not complain if I am obliged to work hard in the day. What a ſhame it is that men live who abuſe ſleep; for when we ſleep too long, we are indolent the whole day, I often think of Madam, whom I have been coachman to theſe four years, ſhe ſleeps, as true as I am

here, almoſt ten hours on the ſtretch; and, when ſhe riſes, ſhe finds nothing right; the ſervants are ſcolded all round; and ſhe has often called me a blockhead when I have told her that my oats were out. Sleep appears to me, like beans and bacon; if we eat moderately, we are ſtrengthened; but if we are gluttons, bad humours break out, we are heavy and idle; ſo that, in the whole world, nothing appears right.

While the company converſed with John, they heard a noiſe in Henry's room. He went firſt to bed, and by ſleeping an hour longer than the reſt of the family, became ſo ſtupid and heavy, that he was attacked by a certain diſorder, called *ill-humour*. It is a very diſagreeable one; and, in the morning, ariſes from that kind of ſluggiſh ſtupidity, which men feel when they have ſlept longer than nature requires. Thoſe who are under the influence of this diſorder, expect that every thing ſhould be directed by their whims; and if the leaſt trifle goes contrary to their fooliſh humour, they murmur and ſcold though they want nothing. All the family felt the good effects of ſleep as well as John, and were cheerfully preparing to diſcharge the duties of the day, except Henry; but his

ill humour, which aroſe from indulging himſelf too long in bed, till he grew ſtupid and ſick, made him very uncomfortable to himſelf, and troubleſome to others.

While he was in bed, a poor boy brought a quail to ſell; and George, who loved his brother and ſiſter, bought it for Henry. He hid the bird under his coat, and crept into Henry's room. O, good morning, good morning, Mr. Lie-a-bed, ſaid he; you have almoſt loſt your breakfaſt. Hold your tongue, cried he out peeviſhly, why did you not wake me? you were very ill-natured; you let me ſleep on purpoſe that you might play alone with Charles. You do not know what you are talking about, interrupted George, I have called you above ten times, and you would not get up; it is hard to ſcold me for your own lazineſs. Then Henry grew ſtill more ill-humoured, and called out, mother, mother! — his mother ran quickly, almoſt afraid that ſome accident had happened to him, and aſked him what he wanted? George laughs at me; he called me a lie-a-bed; yet, he never waked me. But the mother ſoon perceived that George was innocent, and that Henry was ſtupid and out of humour; ſo ſhe bade him riſe quickly and ſpeak in a kinder

kinder manner to his brother; rouſe yourſelf, my child, added ſhe, or you will ſpend an indolent uncomfortable day.

Mean time George ſlipped out of the room with his quail. On the ſtairs he happened to meet Caroline; that affectionate girl began to ſmile when ſhe ſaw him; he kiſſed her, and ſaid, gueſs what I have under my coat? The little girl thought it was a cake or an apple; but George ſaid it was ſomething alive. Is it a frog, a ſparrow, or a little dog? aſked ſhe. He then let the head peep out, and ſhe began to jump for joy when he told her that ſhe ſhould have it, becauſe ſhe was not out of humour, like Henry. She ran to her mother, and told her how good George had been to her. Henry ſaw her with her bird, and longed for it; but Caroline did not mind him, or his angry looks.

Scarcely had the tender mother reached the bottom of the ſtairs when ſhe heard Henry call out again: mother! mother!

Mrs. Benſon, who at firſt had ſpoken kindly to him, was now diſpleaſed; ſhe returned, and when ſhe opened the door, Henry ſaw that ſhe had no longer a ſmiling face. She frowned, and aſked, what do you want

now? naughty boy! my half-boots are not here, anſwered he weeping; I muſt have my half-boots—They are at the cobler's, you muſt put on your ſhoes to-day; ſo ſaying, ſhe left the room, left the fooliſh child ſitting on the ſide of his bed; and there he ſat weeping as bitterly as if ſome great misfortune had happened to him.

But in the parlour was nothing but cheerfulneſs; the gueſts were treated with coffee for breakfaſt; and, becauſe it was a holiday, the children had each two cups of coffee, and three ſlices of white bread and butter. It is true, poor Henry had none; for he had neither waſhed his face, nor combed his hair.

A number of little amuſing ſtories were told, and they all joked and laughed. George and Caroline brought out all their pictures and play-things, which were admired by all the gueſts.—But when they collected them to put them by—they were ſurprized, and aſked, in a tone of joy, what is this? where did that come from? for Mrs. Jones had, unperceived by them, ſlipped ſome pretty pictures among their own. Poor Henry! had he been there, he would certainly have had ſome of thoſe pretty pictures.

The company then prepared to go in the coach to a neighbouring wood, and paſs the morning there. Am I to go? am I to go? aſked George and Caroline, and their mother looked at them with ſuch a ſmiling face, that they ſoon perceived ſhe did not intend to leave them at home. What pleaſure did they promiſe themſelves? they kiſſed their mother, and jumped for joy. The horſes were quickly brought out of the ſtable and harneſſed; and when all but the children had ſeated themſelves in the coach, George miſſed Henry. Is not Henry to go? aſked he, addreſſing his mother, in a ſorrowful tone. If he is ready let him come, anſwered ſhe.

Then George ſprang up ſtairs to tell his brother; but he was diſappointed in his good-natured hope,—there he ſtill ſat on the ſide of the bed ſcratching his head, he had not yet drawn on his ſtockings, and becauſe he could not have his half-boots he would not put on his cloaths. George ſoon ſaw that it would be vain to wait for him, for he knew his mother would not detain the carriage, till an ill-humoured boy was dreſſed; he therefore returned directly, got into the coach and off it drove.

When Henry heard the rolling of the coach, and learned that the whole company were gone to take an airing, and had left him behind; he cried bitterly, ſtamped with his feet, and behaved like a fooliſh child. Who knows what he might have done, if an old nurſe had not brought him to himſelf. She adviſed him to put on his clothes directly, and follow the company, to beg his father and mother to forgive him, and perhaps, added ſhe, they may permit you to partake of their pleaſure.

After ſome ſoothing and encouragement, he reſolved to follow her advice; he then ran acroſs the fields and met the carriage, but not before he was tired and out of breath. His father and mother did not receive him with their accuſtomed kindneſs; nay, he was obliged to liſten to a very ſevere reproof for his obſtinacy; but after he had humbly acknowledged his fault, and promiſed to behave better for the future, they allowed him to ſtay with the company. If he had kept his word, he might ſtill have enjoyed much pleaſure; but he ſoon let them ſee, that he had not yet conquered his ill-humour.

George

George propoſed a play in which they all might engage, they fixed on one called the Hunter, and the open down before the wood was a fine place for the play. But Henry found no pleaſure in this game, he inſiſted on their playing at blind-man's buff. The little company tried to convince him that he was very unreaſonable to expect them all to do juſt what he pleaſed, but he heeded them not.—And when they ſaw that he would not purſue them, they tried to coax him, till he turned rudely from them; then they began to play without him. Charles was the Hunter, George the dog, and Caroline the hare. Charles began the chace, crying out ſeveral times leveret, hide thyſelf—the dog is coming to bite thee!—cloſe!—cloſe! The leveret exerted all its powers to eſcape from the dog, and when it came near, pretended to cry like a hare; at laſt it was caught, and they all burſt out in a loud laugh.

Henry ſaw with much vexation their common joy, he was tired of himſelf and his ill-humour; yet he was ſo ſtubborn and fooliſh, that he would not make one in their party. He imagined that Charles or George would again have invited him to play with them, and he would gladly have accepted of the invitation; but they thought of no ſuch thing:—

none of them preſſed a little obſtinate boy who had been ſo long out of humour to join in their play. Then he threw himſelf, full of ſorrow, under a tree, and lamented his folly:—I am very uncomfortable—*how unhappy has my ill-humour made me!* It has to-day already deprived me of the quail, my brother bought for me, and my breakfaſt—beſides, I have offended my parents, and the ſtrangers looked black on me—*how much pleaſure have I loſt by ill-humour!* No one wiſhes to have any thing to do with me, though I now am ſorry, oh, I will never again be ſo fooliſh! Whilſt he was thus bemoaning himſelf, his father paſſed by with Mrs. Jones, who had hold of his arm; and as ſoon as he obſerved Henry he went up to him, and aſked what was the matter with him? Why he did not make one in the play with his brother and ſiſter? He was aſhamed to anſwer, turned his face away, and held his hands before his eyes. What have you done? ſaid the father again. Speak—I am aſhamed of myſelf, anſwered he, I cannot tell it. You are aſhamed, replied the father, you are afraid of my reproofs, you have done ſomething wrong. *For thoſe who feel ſhame always know that they have done ſomething wrong.*

Speak,

Speak, what is it? Then he related, ſhedding many tears, how fooliſhly and ill-humouredly he had behaved all day, and how much trouble he had brought on himſelf.

The father pitied him: but deſired him at the ſame time to try to govern his temper, and be for the future a good boy, then he would no more feel that kind of ſhame which made him afraid to look his father in the face. Do you, continued he, ſtill deſire to play with your companions. Very much, anſwered he, only I am afraid they will now refuſe to play with me. You do not deſerve indeed a kind reception, ſaid the father; but if you wiſh to be more ſociable, if you will try to give up your own will to others, come with me, I will intercede for you. Then Henry wiped away his tears, and taking hold of his father's hand, went with down-caſt eyes to join his play-fellows. They received him gladly, when their father aſſured them that for the future he would no more teaſe them through his ill-humour.

He joined them, and they went to play again with freſh pleaſure, now they had a hare and a leveret to hunt.

CHAP. XV.

HENRY made a fine hare, and was ſo nimble that he ſprang through the buſhes, and they caught him with difficulty after he had advanced far into the wood.

But by this chance they made a diſcovery which they rejoiced at. They came ſuddenly on four fine healthy looking boys, who were amuſing themſelves by playing with a ball. They were the ſons of the foreſter, who lived not far from hence. The huntſman, dog, and hares were ſo pleaſed with this diſcovery, that they ceaſed playing, to look at the flying ball, which theſe boys threw from one to another. Yes, it ſeemed as if they were all at once tired of hunting, and wiſhed to begin to play at ball. Nay, Henry ſaid aloud, if I had my ball here, we might alſo play at ball. Scarcely had Henry ſaid ſo, when one of the boys came up to them, and ſaid, if you wiſh for a ball, wait a moment, and I will run to the houſe and bring

bring you one; and all the reſt ſaid, O yes, run quickly and bring it.

Away he ran, but before he could come back, one of his brothers offered to lend them his ball till he returned. The children refuſed, becauſe they felt that they ought not to diſturb their pleaſure to amuſe themſelves. But they continued to preſs them, till they all agreed to play together. This afforded them new pleaſure: ſome ſtruck the ball in the air, and others received it as it fell. Nay, they were quite delighted when Charles, who was very expert at the game, made the ball riſe almoſt out of ſight, and when George ran to catch it, as it was falling at a great diſtance from the place it was thrown from. They were ſo amuſed, that they did not think of returning to their parents; but played one game after another.

Who knows how much longer they might have played, if the Curate had not called them. He came up to them, and deſired them to come back, becauſe Mr. Jones thought it time to proceed on his journey. Seeing the ball they were playing with, he enquired where they had found it, or who gave it to them? One of theſe good natured

boys, anſwered George, we are playing with. You cannot think how good natured they were, as ſoon as Henry wiſhed for a ball one of them ran to their houſe for it, and another lent us his, that we might not be tired with waiting. And did this civil behaviour pleaſe you? aſked he. Very much, cried they all; how we wiſh that we could do ſomething to pleaſe them. I too am glad, continued the Curate to meet with ſuch good children; pray aſk them to walk with us, that my wife and gueſts may ſee them. It was not neceſſary to ſpeak twice, they ran to their new friends, and led them, a little againſt their will, forward to the company.

The little boys bluſhed at being praiſed for doing what their father ever bid them do, and what he always did himſelf; for a beggar never came through the foreſt without receiving a ſlice of bread, and a draught of ſmall beer. He uſed to ſay to his boys, that the child who did not give part of its play-things to another, ſhould be left to play alone—and what child can find pleaſure in playing alone?

One day they had quarrelled about a kite, each would inſiſt that it belonged to him.

The

The father gave them four kites, which they were to call their own, but as they were ſo unſociable, he would not allow them to play together, and what pleaſure was there in looking at a kite, though it mounted almoſt to the clouds, when they could not call out, ſee! ſee! how high the kite flies! In a few days they begged their father to take back three of the kites, and let them play together. It was the ſame thing with their tops, marbles, &c. there was no amuſement in playing with them alone, and whenever they quarrelled their father only puniſhed them by making the ſelfiſh boy, play in a little yard by himſelf.

After the company had aſked the boys ſeveral queſtions, to which they gave modeſt anſwers; the Curate ſaid to his children, next Monday you know you are to have a little feaſt, after all the cherries are gathered, and would you not wiſh for more company. Yes, indeed, anſwered George, may I aſk theſe good boys to come? The father nodded, and he turned to them—yes, pray come next Monday, and we ſhall be ſo happy together; I will ſhew you my garden, and you ſhall eat ſome of the pears off my own tree. Yes, yes, cried Henry and Caroline,

boys, anſwered George, we are playing with. You cannot think how good natured they were, as ſoon as Henry wiſhed for a ball one of them ran to their houſe for it, and another lent us his, that we might not be tired with waiting. And did this civil behaviour pleaſe you? aſked he. Very much, cried they all; how we wiſh that we could do ſomething to pleaſe them. I too am glad, continued the Curate to meet with ſuch good children; pray aſk them to walk with us, that my wife and gueſts may ſee them. It was not neceſſary to ſpeak twice, they ran to their new friends, and led them, a little againſt their will, forward to the company.

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The

The father gave them four kites, which they were to call their own, but as they were ſo unſociable, he would not allow them to play together, and what pleaſure was there in looking at a kite, though it mounted almoſt to the clouds, when they could not call out, ſee! ſee! how high the kite flies! In a few days they begged their father to take back three of the kites, and let them play together. It was the ſame thing with their tops, marbles, &c. there was no amuſement in playing with them alone, and whenever they quarrelled their father only puniſhed them by making the ſelfiſh boy, play in a little yard by himſelf.

After the company had aſked the boys ſeveral queſtions, to which they gave modeſt anſwers; the Curate ſaid to his children, next Monday you know you are to have a little feaſt, after all the cherries are gathered, and would you not wiſh for more company. Yes, indeed, anſwered George, may I aſk theſe good boys to come? The father nodded, and he turned to them—yes, pray come next Monday, and we ſhall be ſo happy together; I will ſhew you my garden, and you ſhall eat ſome of the pears off my own tree. Yes, yes, cried Henry and Caroline,

Caroline, catching hold of their hands, you muſt promiſe to come and ſee all our gardens and birds, They ſaid that they would very gladly come, but they muſt aſk their father's leave before they promiſed. You are very right ſaid the Curate, for a good child ought never to promiſe to go out without the conſent of his parents; but I will call myſelf on your father, and aſk him to give you leave.

Mrs. Benſon had brought a baſket of fruit with her to regale her gueſts with, ſhe now ſet it before them, and gave, as may be ſuppoſed, a ſufficient quantity to the civil children. Mrs. Jones, who always had ſomething in her pocket for good children, felt for a little parcel—what could it be, wrapped up in paper? She opened it, and let them ſee ſome pretty pictures, very pretty pictures of lions, tigers, and many other animals; ſhe divided them amongſt the foreſter's ſons; who at firſt refuſed to accept of them; but Mrs. Jones preſſed them, ſaying, take theſe pictures, good, well-behaved children: *one civility deſerves another.*

Now came the moment when the company muſt ſeparate; the ſeparation was painful to them all. When they firſt met they

were

were civil to each other, becauſe it is right to ſhew civility to every body; but when they became acquainted, they began to love as friends, and wiſhed to have remained longer together. But Mr. Jones had ſome important buſineſs which required his preſence, and he was obliged to take leave of the family; he did it in the moſt affectionate manner; and ſhaking the Curate's hand, with a look of regard and reſpect, put five guineas in it for John's uſe; which the Curate aſſured him was more than ſufficient to pay the ſurgeon; Mr. Jones then deſired him to let him have the reſt in his pocket when he returned to his family; and, ſtepping into the coach, they were ſoon out of ſight; while the Curate and his family turned into the foot-path which led to their houſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

ON the road Mr. Jones was very much amuſed with obſerving the plentiful harveſt, and the cheerful looks of the reapers. He admired, ſometimes, the abundance of ears which grew from a few grains of corn; ſometimes the induſtry of the country people in cutting it down, making it up into ſheaves, and carrying it into their barns. He was ſo charmed with the view, that he could not remain any longer in the coach; he ſtopped it, and deſired the coachman to follow them ſlowly, after he had handed out his wife and ſon.

They could now, on foot, obſerve all the objects far better than when they whirled by them; and they were aſtoniſhed to ſee how many men received nouriſhment from a ſingle field of wheat; and not only men obtained a ſubſiſtence from it, but likewiſe a number of birds, beetles, graſhoppers and field-mice: this afforded matter for a converſation on various ſubjects.

Charles remarked that the grain did not appear equally fine in all the fields. In ſome the ears ſtood thick and ſtrong, like a wood; in others it appeared thin; and, in ſeveral, was ſo mixed with tares, that they could ſcarcely perceive that any had been ſown. Charles could not conceive the reaſon of it: the fields, thought he, are all the ſame ſoil; the blades grow up near each other, expoſed to the ſame weather, from whence comes this difference? He mentioned to his father this remark, and aſked what could be the reaſon; had we not better enquire of a countryman? moſt people know ſomething of their own buſineſs; and I ſee one yonder with ſuch an honeſt countenance as makes me hope that he will readily anſwer our queſtions.

They went up to him, bowed, and aſked, why there was ſuch a great difference in the crops? They added, that they had ſeen many fields ſo fruitful that they charmed their eyes; but others almoſt covered with thiſtles and tares. Yes, yes, replied the peaſant, ſmiling, theſe were certainly my neighbour Brown's fields; he has always, on his ground traſh, not worth carrying home. But how can it be otherwiſe? When I and other farmers have been at work ſome hours, plowing

ing or hoeing, he is ſtill ſnoring in bed. When our corn is almoſt in the ear, he is ſowing his ſeed; and when our after-graſs is fit for mowing, he is only bringing home his firſt loads of hay. There he comes, there he comes! you will ſoon ſee, by his dreſs and gait, what ſort of a man he is.

They turned and ſaw coming towards them, a horſe drawing a cart; but it was ſuch a ſorry poor creature, it could ſcarcely put one foot before the other. Upon him ſat Brown, with a tattered coat looſely wrapped round him, and his hat was ſo old and dirty, that it would not have been eaſy to gueſs what colour it had been. His hair was uncombed, and the feathers, which came out of a ſoft bed, were ſtuck in it; his face was covered with red blotches, and he ſat in ſuch an indolent manner, as if he was ſcarcely awake or ready to fall aſleep. They expreſſed their ſurpriſe, and Charles declared, that he ſhould not have believed that there were ſuch idle people in the world, if he had not ſeen it with his own eyes. Yes, continued the honeſt countryman, the maſter reſembles the fields, the horſe the maſter, the houſe the horſe; the kitchen, ſleeping-rooms, dairy, farm-yard and barn—all are alike. He never takes

takes the trouble to drive a ſingle nail; and when a ſtick lies in his way in the road, he will ſtumble ten times over it before he will ſtoop to pick it up.—But as he makes his bed, ſo he muſt lie in it:—the fields produce, every year, leſs and leſs; the houſe will fall down, and the horſe be unable to drag the crazy cart any longer—and at laſt he will be obliged to beg. Though he indulges himſelf thus, he is never content; nay, ſo long as I have known him, I have never ſeen him once laugh; and he has convinced me, *that an idle man will never be content.* Wherever he looks he ſees work he has left undone; he ſees ~~all his~~ property going to the dogs, which always puts him out of humour; and by ſleeping too much and ſitting ſtill, his blood grows thick, and his limbs are ſtiff and heavy: how can ſuch a man be in a good humour? I, for my part, ought to praiſe work; for I am never ſo happy as when I have ſomething to do; I have then no dull hours; and when I walk over the ground I have turned up with the ſweat of my brow and ſee my corn waving—my very heart leaps for joy. You are right, my good friend, ſaid Mr. Jones, do not forget this experience; ſtand firm to your plough, be induſtrious, and not only a

good

good harveſt will be the reward of your labour; but you will have health and cheerfulneſs while looking forward to it, and doing your duty in the ſtation, in which God has placed you.

Saying ſo, they left him; and the coachman, a ſecond time, telling them that if they went on at this rate, they ſhould not get home before midnight, they got into the coach again; he ſmacked his whip—and away they went full drive.

Charles was ſorry when they got into the carriage again; becauſe he could not half ſo well enjoy the beautiful fields as when they walked. He leaned on the coach door to look as far as his eye could reach; and, as the coach whirled along very quick, it appeared to him as if the ſheaves, trees, fields and villages, paſſed by him: and this ſight pleaſed him.

But his mother called to him; child, child, ſit down, leſt an accident ſhould happen. He ſat down, but aſked why muſt I ſit? When I am ſeated, I cannot ſee half ſo well the ſweet fields and the other fine things as when I ſtand up and lean on the door; nor can I gueſs what accident could happen. You muſt, ſaid Mr. Jones, always obey when

I or your mother desire you to do any thing, if you cannot guess why we bid you do it; for we are older than you, and must know better what will be useful or hurtful to you. As you grow up and acquire more sense, by attending to our instruction, and observing what men do, you will know the nature of things yourself; and, instead of commanding, I shall reason with you. At present, you must trust us when we tell you, that a thing is not good for you. But if you wish to know why your mother refused to let you lean on the door, I will explain it to you, because it is not above your understanding. Observe, that the door shuts with an iron spring only; but much jolting on a rough road may—Whilst he was saying so, the carriage passed over a rough stony place, which gave it such a jolt, that Charles was thrown forward into his mother's arms, the door on which he had leaned flew open, and Mr. Jones's cane fell out. The coachman was obliged to stop; Mr. Jones got out, and Charles followed him; and there lay the beautiful cane snapped in two, the wheel had passed over it. Charles turned pale when he saw it, and all his limbs trembled; he caught his father's hand,—O my dear father, said

he,

he, from what a dreadful accident has my good mother ſaved me! If ſhe had not warned me, or if I had not obeyed her before I knew the reaſon, I ſhould have fallen out of the coach, and the wheel would have gone over my head, arms or legs.—Yes, dear father, *never will I diſobey you while I live.* He ſprang into the coach, embraced his mother, and promiſed, with tears in his eyes, never to be diſobedient. They were all ſo affected by this accident, that they ſat ſometime without ſpeaking a word.

CHAP. XVII.

THEY might have remained much longer in this ſtate, if their ſilence had not been interrupted by a new and unexpected accident. Mr. Jones obſerved, as the coach mounted ſlowly up a hill, a man very ſhabbily dreſſed walking before it. He ſhook his head and ſaid, I know that man, yet cannot now recollect where I have ſeen him. I hope it is not—

not—no, impoſſible; it cannot be—he was a very rich man. The coach now overtook him; the man ſtopped and made Mr. Jones an humble bow. What do I ſee, cried Mr. Jones? It is him! it is him! ſtop, Nicholas!

The coachman ſtopped; Mr. Jones got out of the carriage, and allowed Charles to follow him.

Are you not, aſked Mr. Jones, Mr. Noel, whom I knew in London about twenty years ago?

Mr. Noel. (ſighed) Yes, I am he. And you—I ſhould know you; — are you — are you not Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones. Right, I am he. But my old friend, you ſeem to be in a diſtreſſed ſtate. Have you been unfortunate? Have you loſt your fortune at ſea; or has a fire conſumed your ſubſtance?

Mr. Noel. Alas! no.

Mr. Jones. Have thieves or ſharpers plundered you?

Mr. Noel. No, no.

Mr. Jones. Or have you loſt all by a lawſuit?

Mr. Noel. Nothing of all this. If I could attribute my miſery to any of thoſe cauſes, I ſhould ſtill find ſome comfort; but I cannot—

I myſelf am the cauſe; from myſelf comes all my miſery. *Prodigality has made me poor.*

Mr. Jones. Prodigality?

Mr. Noel. Yes, prodigality. My father left me forty thouſand pounds. I married a wife who brought me twenty thouſand pounds; but we neither of us knew how difficult it is to acquire money, and how eaſy to ſpend it. We did not believe that it was poſſible to diſſipate ſuch a large fortune, and paid little attention to the expences of our family, or the management of our houſe. Every thing that pleaſed us we purchaſed. My wife followed every new faſhion, and I wore the moſt extravagant clothes. As ſoon as a dreſs was a little out of faſhion, or worn by the common people we gave it away. Our own countrymen could not make furniture to pleaſe us, we ſent to Paris for a number of uſeleſs things. We drank the moſt coſtly wines, had the deareſt dainties, a few weeks before our neighbours who had more prudence; went to all the public amuſements, and had continually large card-parties at home; in ſhort, we had a ſplendid equipage. I had ſeen a noble pleaſure ground belonging to a Duke; the fooliſh idea of turning my meadows into ſuch a one came into

into my head. I expended, in this manner, twenty thouſand pounds of the principal, beſide the intereſt of the whole. At the end of five years, I remarked that this extravagant way of living could not long laſt, becauſe I had already waſted more than half my fortune. I mentioned our circumſtances to my wife; but, ſhe ſaid, that we could not retrench our manner of living without appearing mean in the eyes of all our acquaintance. We had a large eſtate to expect from a rich uncle, who could not live long; and when we inherited his fortune, we could very well afford to live in the ſame way we had done ever ſince our marriage. I ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded: my expenſes always exceeded my income, and moſt part of the things I purchaſed were ſuperfluities: thus did I throw away my fortune and plunge myſelf in debt, always hoping that my uncle would ſoon die. He did not die; and my debts increaſed every year, till they amounted to ſuch a conſiderable ſum, that when he did die at laſt, his noble legacy (for on account of my extravagance, he left the eſtate to a diſtant relation, whom he had a better opinion of) was not ſufficient to ſatisfy my creditors; they now grew importunate, ſuſpicion was rouſed, and

they ſeized my houſe, furniture, garden and clothes, in ſhort, all I had left — but all was not ſufficient to clear me, ſo I was ſent to priſon. My wife could not long endure this miſery; for having been accuſtomed, from her infancy, to live a life of indolent eaſe, and to follow ſelfiſh pleaſures, ſhe had not ſufficient ſtrength of mind to bear up againſt poverty; it appeared ſo frightful to her, that in a few weeks, grief brought her to her grave. And I—if I had died with her, what miſery ſhould I have eſcaped! I ſhould not have ſeen the contempt which my old acquaintance have ſhewn me. Here he ſighed bitterly — and his voice was choaked by his groans.

Mr. Jones. I pity you; yet cannot conceive how you could have acted ſo inconſiderately. When you ſaw that you exceeded your income one year, why did you not live within bounds the next? For if you had thought a moment, the conſequence muſt have occurred to you, you muſt have foreſeen your ruin.

Mr. Noel. You are in the right — you think like a reaſonable man; but I and my wife were ſpoilt in our youth. As our parents were rich, we obtained from them all we

we desired—Yes, more than we desired. We ate every day of a dinner, children should never partake; one course followed another; we wore the most expensive cloaths, and when we wished to pay a visit, two fine horses were harnessed to the coach to carry us in state. Thus from our infancy we lived a foolish life; and as we had not acquired any useful knowledge, when we grew up, we could not turn to more rational pursuits; we had not strength enough to practice virtue, nor sense to seek for knowledge; and our slavery to vanity was so great, that we could not deny ourselves anything our weak minds longed for.—How happy I should now be, if my father had been a day-labourer. I should have been content with homely fare, have thankfully eaten a crust of brown bread, drank small-beer, and have made this little journey with pleasure. But, dear Jones, you cannot suppose how woeful it is, how hard it is to submit when a man in his youth has pampered his appetite, eaten dainties, drank good wine, and always rode in a coach, to be obliged in his old age to accustom himself to miserable food, and to go miles on foot.

Mr. Jones was affected by this relation, particularly as he ſaw that he did not attempt to deceive him, but owned his folly. He promiſed him that he would think of ſome way to help him; but requeſted him, without ſaying any more, to come into the coach, and ſleep that night at his houſe. Mr. Noel looked ſteadfaſtly on him with ſorrowful eyes, while a bluſh roſe in his cheeks, and faintly aſked, if he would not be aſhamed to ſit by the ſide of a beggar?

If you are ſincerely ſorry for your paſt life, and intend to begin a new one, I ſhall never be aſhamed of you—God forbid!

He was now ſeated in the carriage, and when he had a little recovered himſelf, recounted many more particulars of his paſt life, and preſent miſery; and earneſtly addreſſing Mr. Jones, he ſaid, if your children are dear to you, do not let them live a life of idleneſs and luxury! Men may at any time, when they acquire a fortune, enjoy the pleaſures of life; accuſtom themſelves to good cheer, and wear more coſtly clothes, but it is difficult, yes, very difficult, to bring one's ſelf to reliſh turnips or cabbages, after paſtry and wild-fowl—to ſubmit to

wear

wear dirty rags, or even coarſe clothes, when we have been dreſſed in fine linen every day.

CHAP. XVIII.

BEFORE they had finiſhed this converſation, they reached Briſtol. Mary had been a long time watching at the window, waiting for the arrival of her dear parents. Now ſhe diſcovered the coach; in a moment ſhe was on the ſteps, and before her parents and brother got into the door, embraced them weeping, and could only bring out, my father, my mother, my brother. They kiſſed her very tenderly; Charles brought her ſome fruit which the Curate had given him, and ſhe received it with pleaſure.

Mr. Jones conducted poor Mr. Noel to a room, and begged him to accept of a coat and ſome linen, then he returned to his parlour, and ſaid, this evening I ſhall not think of buſineſs, I will ſpend it with my family.

He afterwards called Mary to him, and began carefully to enquire how ſhe had employed her time during their abſence. She then related all; brought down the bonnet which the maid had waſhed, ſhewed the work that ſhe had done, and the copies ſhe had written; nay, repeated ſome ſtories, which ſhe had read, in ſuch a diſtinct manner as proved that ſhe had paid attention to them while ſhe was reading.

The mother examined her work, and aſked if ſhe had done it all herſelf. No, anſwered ſhe, my couſin did the left ſeam of the ſhift, while I worked at the right. But, aſked her father, have you had no one to viſit you? Yes, Charlotte has been to ſee me and my three couſins, and I went out to drink tea yeſterday with my aunt.

Mr. Jones. Has any thing elſe happened?

Mary. Be not angry with me, do not frown, I have broken ſomething.

Mr. Jones. What?

Mary. When my couſins were here, we played at blind-man's buff; and, when I was blinded, I ran againſt the cloſet, and knocked down one of the beſt china cups.

Mr.

Mr. Jones. Indeed you ſhould not have been ſo giddy; but you ſhew your ſenſe in not concealing or denying it.

During this converſation, Mary's aunt entered, who took care of the houſe while they were abſent. Mrs. Jones enquired how her little charge had behaved, and received a very particular account, which perfectly agreed with the one they had juſt had from Mary herſelf.

Good girl,—ſaid Mr. Jones, you might have told us lies; but what purpoſe would it have anſwered? we ſhould ſoon have diſcovered that you told them, and then we could never again have believed what you ſaid; for when I diſcover that a child or a ſervant has once told me a lie, I cannot truſt or reſpect them. But you have related every thing juſt as it happened, *you have ſpoken the truth, and now I ſee that you love truth, I ſhall in future always believe you.* Then her father and mother kiſſed her.

While they were expreſſing the pleaſure they felt in finding that they could confide in their daughter, and that ſhe would tell truth, though ſhe expoſed her own faults, they were interrupted by the enterance of a ſtranger.—He caught Mr.

Jones by the hand with great warmth, and ſaid, how glad I am, dear Sir, that after ſo many years I can again ſhake your friendly hand! Mr. Jones was not a little ſurpriſed by the tenderneſs and familiarity of a clergyman, who was entirely unknown to him. I cannot recollect, ſaid he, that I ever had the honour of knowing you. Not me, ſaid the clergyman laughing; do you not remember little Jack, who uſed to ſit by you at the writing-table at ſchool. Yes, I remember him well, anſwered Mr. Jones, but—

But you cannot conceive, interrupted the clergyman, how the poor ſon of a taylor ſhould have acquired the appearance of a gentleman? To be frank, ſaid Mr. Jones, it does ſurpriſe me, and I am very deſirous to know how it happened—pray be ſeated, and ſatisfy my curioſity.

He ſeated himſelf on the ſopha, and related with great ſpirit the ſingular hiſtory of his life. You know, ſaid he, that after my father's death, my god-father took me home, intending to have me taught a mechanical trade; but before he could fix on a maſter, I had been ſome time in his houſe. I paſſed great part of my time in his ſtudy. I looked into many books, and when I found

one

one to pleaſe me, I read it through with great attention, and often forgot my meals, I was ſo eager to go on. I uſed to copy the moſt ſtriking paſſages, and repeat them to my god-father. My deſire to know what the books contained was ſo great, that a few latin words did not frighten me; I took a latin dictionary, and was at the trouble to hunt after them; and when I could not find them, I aſked my god-father. That worthy man finding me one day in his ſtudy, ſhut the door, and aſked me if I had a deſire to apply myſelf to learning? I replied, that I had indeed a very ſtrong deſire, but he knew my ſituation, and that as I was indebted to his bounty for every thing, I muſt be directed by him. Well, ſaid he, I will try you for a twelvemonth, and if you are diligent I will ſend you to an academy. I do not know what I ſaid, I was ſo pleaſed; I aſſured him that I would willingly go without a coat to learn latin.

He delayed not, but next day engaged a maſter for me, whom I every day attended. He was a good, as well as a learned man, and was ſo well pleaſed with my improvement, that he prevailed on my godfather to let me remain under his care, till I was old enough to go to college. Before I went

I ſtudied day and night. I knew that all my time muſt be employed to improve my mind, if I wiſhed to become a gentleman. I liſtened ſilently to the converſations of old men, was attentive to my maſter's inſtruction, and never began one book before I had finiſhed another. My maſter had more pupils; I aſſiſted to teach them, and when I went to college, he ſo warmly recommended me, that I had ſeveral young men placed under my care, which I was very glad of, becauſe I did not wiſh to draw more money from my kind god-father than was abſolutely neceſſary. I was reſpected by the ſuperiours in the college.—But not to tire you, from being choſen a Fellow, I became a Profeſſor, a Doctor of Divinity, and, in conſequence of ſome books I publiſhed, which were approved of, I obtained a conſiderable living.

So you are then, aſked Mr. Jones, full of aſtoniſhment, a Doctor of Divinity, a Profeſſor, and have a good living? I now perceive that my opinion is true, for I have always thought *that a good underſtanding was better than riches.* I have now in my houſe a man, who once was worth near a hundred thouſand pounds, and now he is a beggar. And you, who never had

had a farthing from your parents, have, through your underſtanding and induſtry, acquired a conſiderable fortune, and the moſt reſpectable rank.

I am entirely of your opinion, replied the Doctor, if in their youth men cultivate their underſtandings and acquire uſeful knowledge, they may afterwards acquire a fortune. But if we gained the wealth of the Indies, it would not purchaſe underſtanding. And how quickly may a man be deprived of riches!—Fire, inundations, wars, thieves, law-ſuits and other misfortunes, may in a ſhort time make a rich man poor.—But if my houſe ſhould be reduced to aſhes, and all my property deſtroyed by ſtorms, my cultivated underſtanding would ſtill remain to comfort me, and enable me to live—that no one can rob me of, without breaking my head.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

WHILE Mr. Jones was converſing with the Profeſſor, Mrs. Jones went into the dining parlour to make ſome enquiries about the ſupper. She had already given her orders to the cook, and ſhe went now to ſee how they were executed; ſhe found, however, every thing on the table ſhe had ordered, except ſome preſerved cherries. Why, ſaid ſhe to the cook, have you not brought the preſerved cherries?

Preſerved cherries! preſerved cherries! I did not hear you order any, anſwered ſhe, with a face as red as ſcarlet.

Mrs. Jones then deſired her to bring them now, and Betty left the room, but not returning, Mrs. Jones followed her, and aſked her why ſhe did not bring the cherries? There are no more, was her anſwer. No more! ſaid Mrs. Jones, laſt week the jar was half full, for I looked into it, and we have not had any brought to table ſince. Betty endeavoured to perſuade her miſtreſs that ſhe was miſtaken; but as ſhe always made a point of looking over her houſhold matters in a regular

a regular manner, ſhe was ſure of the fact, and as no one went to the ſtore room but Betty, ſhe only could have emptied the jar. Mrs. Jones now ſaid, with a firm tone of voice, that ſhe muſt have ſtolen the cherries—at laſt Betty owned ſhe had eaten them.

But, ſaid Mrs. Jones, how could you be ſo inconſiderate and greedy, when you want for nothing? you have a part of every thing which comes to our table — why did you take what did not belong to you? Now Betty began to cry, and ſaid, I have been a glutton from my infancy. Whenever I went to my mother's cloſet, I took an apple or a pear, though ſhe had juſt given me one, and if ſhe ſent me to buy any ſweet things, I taſted them before I brought them to her. I became by degrees ſuch a glutton, and ſo fond of nice things, that I uſed to eat them all up from my brothers and ſiſters, who never let me partake of their feaſts, becauſe I ate my own cakes alone. This habit has ſo grown upon me, that when I ſee any thing nice I cannot help eating it in a corner, and eat till I am ſick—I eat ſo many of thoſe cherries, that nurſe thought I ſhould have died with a pain in my ſtomach,

ſhe

ſhe made me take two or three baſons full of naſty camomile tea, and I have hated the ſight of preſerved cherries ever ſince.—Pray forgive me, dear miſtreſs, while I live I will never do it again!

How can I believe, anſwered Mrs. Jones, that it will not happen again, when you have owned, that though it makes you ſick, you cannot conquer this mean, ſelfiſh habit. I muſt have ſome proof of your amendment before I truſt you again;—give me the key of the ſtore-room, *for when I know that a ſervant is a glutton, I dare not confide any thing to her care.*

Betty entreated to be forgiven, ſhedding many tears, and hoped that her miſtreſs would not expoſe her to her fellow-ſervants; for, if they knew that ſhe was a glutton, they would deſpiſe and laugh at her. I know very well, anſwered Mrs. Jones, that gluttony is very diſgraceful; but is it my fault that you have acquired ſuch an hateful habit? I have once or twice reproved you gently; now, ſince you have not liſtened to me, I muſt expoſe you to the family, to ſee if that will cure you. Nay, the pimples on your face expoſe your gluttony; we ſhould ſeldom look ugly, or be obliged to take naſty medicines, if we did not

greedily

greedily overload our ſtomachs; and if we forget our duty in private, and cheat our fellow-creatures of their ſhare, it is but juſt that we ſhould be laughed at in company, and called what we really are, *gluttons*.

She was obliged immediately to deliver up the key; and, in future, Mrs. Jones always counted out whatever ſhe gave her.

This diſagreeable accident diſturbed Mrs. Jones; and ſhe was obliged to ſtop a moment, to ſmooth her brow, before ſhe went to ſupper, that ſhe might not interrupt the pleaſure of the meal, or let her huſband or gueſts ſee that ſhe had been diſcompoſed by her ſervant.

She enquired for Mr. Noel, but ſhe was informed that he was aſhamed to appear, and wiſhed to ſup in his own room. Mr. Jones then went himſelf to him, and ſaid, you have already ſpent many ſad evenings lamenting over your folly, come now and partake of our frugal meal; it will neither remind you of your former abundance, nor your preſent poverty.

They now ſurrounded the table; and Mary, who was with her mother when ſhe reproved Betty, determined not to eat more than her ſhare of the plumb-pye, leſt ſhe ſhould acquire

quire a habit that would expoſe her to ſhame and ridicule, beſide making her ſick and ugly. The Profeſſor related many more remarkable things which had happened to him ſince he ſaw Mr. Jones, and they all heard him with attention, particularly Mr. Noel; and when he was informed that the genteel man before him, who converſed ſo ſenſibly, had been a taylor's ſon, he ſighed bitterly at the recollection of his own folly—ſighed to think how much money had been thrown away on his education; and how fooliſh he looked in the preſence of a learned man, becauſe he had neglected to acquire knowledge and improve his underſtanding. I ſee plainly, ſaid he, that thoſe who do nothing but play and amuſe themſelves in their youth, will never, in their old age, be reſpected.

When the Profeſſor was going to take leave of them, he ſmiled, and ſaid, but I have not told you all, I am going to be married to a young lady who lives in your neighbourhood. I became acquainted with her when ſhe nurſed her father, who was ſeveral months confined to his room at Oxford. I found her a ſenſible good girl, who knew how to manage a houſe, and was not fond of dreſs; ſhe read to her father, and taught her two younger ſiſters to read,

read, write and work. After I found ſhe had an affection for me, I aſked her father's conſent; he readily gave it, but we were obliged to defer our marriage till I obtained my living. Now I am in poſſeſſion of it, the day of our marriage is fixed, it is to be three days hence; and, as I wiſh to rejoice that day, I would gladly have all my friends round me; and you my firſt friend, dear Mr. Jones, you whom I loved when we played at ball together, pray come, and your whole family—you muſt not refuſe me.

That the invitation was agreeable to his wife, a ſignificant ſmile informed Mr. Jones; ſo, after wiſhing his ſchool-fellow joy, he promiſed to be at the wedding; and they parted very affectionately.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

MRS. JONES was not fond of dreſs; ſhe always dreſſed herſelf and her children in a neat becoming manner; but was never eager to be the firſt to adopt a new faſhion, nor did ſhe ever wear any thing ſingular or conſpicuous. But, when ſhe was obliged to appear in public, or to pay a viſit, like the preſent, ſhe thought it decent to conform a little more in her dreſs to the taſte of her acquaintance; and this was not very troubleſome, though ſhe ſeldom paid formal viſits, or went to public places, except now and then when ſhe attended ſome of the public breakfaſts at the Hot-wells.

She reflected, the following morning, how ſhe ſhould dreſs herſelf and her children. She found that it was not neceſſary to buy many new things; but, ſoon perceived, that thoſe ſhe had required conſiderable alteration.

On theſe occaſions Mary had always ſome employment; now ſhe had the muſlin to hem which was to flounce her mother's gown.

She

She was very willing to do it, for it was her greateſt pleaſure to obey and aſſiſt her mother; but, when ſhe ſaw the length of the flounce, and heard that it muſt be finiſhed by the next day at noon, ſhe ſhook her head, and ſaid, dear mother, that is impoſſible; I cannot, in ſo ſhort a time, do all that. I will tell you, ſaid the mother, how you may do it: You muſt now only work conſtantly, and not leave off when you are a little tired, or find it troubleſome; and not riſe from your ſeat every moment to run here and there; nay, you muſt not look about every minute, but pay attention to your work; and, both to-day and to-morrow morning, never quit it when you can poſſibly help it—and, above all, think of what you are about, and do not begin any thing elſe. Try this plan for an hour or two, and ſee what you can do — through *perſeverance we may do many things which we thought impoſſible.* Mary laughed and ſaid, I will ſee what I can do.

During this converſation, Mr. Jones was thinking of very different matters. He thought of what he ſhould do effectually to ſerve Mr. Noel; he reflected ſome time; and, at laſt, came to a reſolution, and ſent for him.

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He came with a very humble, ſad countenance, and almoſt trembled; when Mr. Jones called him friend, he glanced his eyes on the clothes he had received from him, and ſeemed to ſay, pardon my poverty.

Mr. Jones. Your ſituation makes me very uneaſy; be aſſured I feel for you; can you think of any thing that I can do to help you?

Mr. Noel. Help me! help me!—would to God it were poſſible; but I ſee no poſſibility.

Mr. Jones. Indeed it is impoſſible for you to live in the expenſive manner you did formerly; for if I was to give you my whole fortune, it would only laſt a few years; and, after that, you would be as poor as you now are.

Mr. Noel. Oh, do not kill me, Sir, with remarks on my unpardonable folly! I am racked when I think of my former conduct, and heartily aſhamed of it; nay, I cannot believe that I ſhould ever return to my former exceſſes. I am accuſtomed to and even content with plain food; and had I decent clothes of my *own*, I ſhould be quite ſatisfied with them.

Mr. Jones. If you would be ſatisfied with receiving a trifle, every day, I could afford

ford to allow it you. But could you reſolve to live on charity?

Mr. Noel. On charity!— (here his voice faltered, and tears ruſhed into his eyes) — On charity!—excuſe me, Sir; what an inſult it is, what a bitter mortification for a man, who had from his father ſuch a fortune, and has always lived in abundance, to live on charity.

Mr. Jones. I readily believe it; but how elſe can I help you? Have you a deſire to earn a ſubſiſtence?

Mr. Noel. Yes, gladly would I work, do any thing to avoid living on alms. It is not a ſhame for an old or a ſick man to receive an alms; but I have health and ſtrength: how can I live on charity without rendering myſelf contemptible. Yet how can I earn a ſubſiſtence.—I have learned no trade.

Mr. Jones. I have heard you ſpeak French—have you not learned to write and caſt accounts?

Mr. Noel. I can do both tolerably; but I could not get a place in London; no one would employ an extravagant gentleman.

Mr. Jones. My friend, now are you ſtill dearer to me than ever you were. You have committed a great fault; but you are an honeſt

neſt man. If you wiſh to work, live with me. I will daily give you letters to write and copy, and accounts to keep; and allow you, beſides your board, fifty pounds a year. Be careful, and if you punctually and orderly attend to buſineſs, I will increaſe your ſalary; and in time, when you know ſomething of trade, will enable you to be your own maſter. Yes, if I ſee that you can be attentive to buſineſs, and learn order and œconomy, I do not deſpair of ſeeing you a reſpectable merchant ſome years hence.

Mr. Noel. If you would do ſo, and enable me to earn my own bread, you would, good Sir, ſave my life and honour.

Mr. Jones. Accept of ten guineas, as a token of friendſhip, to buy you ſome neceſſaries, till you can earn them.—I am not giving an alms, but a pledge of my regard.

Mr. Noel was ſo touched by this generoſity that he could not utter a word; at laſt, big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he exclaimed, God bleſs you and your family!—God has ſent you to heal a penitent, almoſt broken heart—he was going on, calling him his benefactor and preſerver; but Mr. Jones went out, ſaying, compoſe yourſelf—I will ſend your dinner to you; and, at tea, let me ſee you

become one of my family---let me have the pleaſure of ſeeing you grow virtuous and contented.

Going out he met his wife, who tenderly took his hand, and told him that dinner was ready. He followed her, ſat down, ate with a tolerable appetite, but ſaid very little. She was very deſirous to know the cauſe of his ſilence. She aſked him many queſtions; but his anſwers did not ſatisfy her.

After the cloth was taken away, ſhe roſe and ſaid, I will ſee if I cannot make you talk. Saying ſo, ſhe took a flaſk of fine wine, which her mother, the day before, had made her a preſent of. Here, my dear ſilent huſband, ſaid ſhe, here is ſomething to untie your tongue.

She poured out a glaſs, he took it with a ſmile, and taſted it.

Well, aſked ſhe, is it good?

Good! very good, my dear, anſwered he; but I have juſt taſted ſomething much ſweeter than the moſt coſtly, exquiſite wine --- the pleaſure ariſing from benevolence. I have to-day put Mr. Noel to the teſt, and found him an honeſt man; and, in conſequence of this conviction, I have given him a place in my counting houſe, and have promiſed

miſed him a ſalary. If he appears to be induſtrious, faithful and orderly, I hope in a few years to take him into partnerſhip, or put him in a way to trade for himſelf If you had but ſeen his gratitude: he wept, he prayed God to bleſs me and my family—my wife, my children; ſaying ſo, this worthy man embraced his wife and children, and his face was lighted up with love and benevolent pleaſure—*amongſt all our pleaſures, the moſt delightful is that of doing good.* This wine, continued he, has an agreeable taſte in my mouth, it tickles my palate, and, in a few minutes, it will be over; but if I am ſo fortunate as to ſave Mr. Noel, if I can take him out of idleneſs and beggary, and make him an induſtrious man, who without anxiety may earn a livelihood for himſelf—this would be a ſource of joy to me during my whole life. Every time I ſaw him, my heart would whiſper me, behold the man thou haſt reſcued; then ſhould I feel the ſame pleaſure as you feel, when the good girl comes to ſee you, whom you educated, when her father and mother left her helpleſs, without a friend to take care of her.

You are right, my dear huſband, ſaid Mrs. Jones, let us continue, with part of our fortune, to relieve the miſerable, ſo ſhall we have

have delightful recollections in our old age when we cannot enjoy any other pleaſure.

CHAP. XXI.

THIS converſation was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, whom Mr. Jones had taken on trial into his counting-houſe, and given different employments to, that he might find out what he had learned and whether he had made a good uſe of his time before he came to him. He brought what he had written, an Engliſh and French letter, and ſome bills he had caſt up. Mrs. Jones left the room.

Mr. Jones looked over them and ſhook his head. In what language is this letter written? aſked he, holding it to him.

In French, replied the young man.

In French, continued Mr. Jones, indeed I ſhould not have gueſſed it, if you had not told me ſo; I cannot underſtand it, there is not a line without a fault. And this Engliſh letter—look at it yourſelf, what falſe grammar

and ſtrange ſpelling! Do you call this Engliſh? and the bills are very careleſsly caſt up; in this one you have made a miſtake of twenty pounds, not to take notice of the blunders in the pence and ſhillings.

The young man bluſhed, and could not bring out a word in his own defence. I pity you, added Mr. Jones, you are an unhappy youth; I cannot employ you in my counting-houſe. Pray Sir, cried the youth, do not ſend me back; I will promiſe to be very attentive, and I ſtill may learn ſomething. That you ſhould have done before, interrupted Mr. Jones, you are not come to me to learn French, writing and accounts; but to be uſeful in my buſineſs. You can do nothing properly, I cannot truſt you; I muſt have a youth in my counting-houſe, who has made a better uſe of his time. No more need be ſaid about it; pack up your clothes to day, and to-morrow I will ſend you home in the ſtage; and that you may ſee that I pity you, I will defray the expenſes of your journey. The young man would have ſtill continued to entreat, but Mr. Jones went out of the room, ſaying, as he ſhut the door, you hear my determination, it is vain to diſpute it; I know your father ſent you to a good

ſchool,

ſchool; I cannot keep a clerk who has idly waſted the years of his life beſt calculated for improvement. If we do not attend to the ſeed time, we can never expect a harveſt.

The young man ſtood a moment ſilent, then walked, in an agitation up and down the room, ſaying, what will my father and mother think of it when I am ſent back to them, they will die of grief; and all my acquaintance will laugh at me. How much money has been laid out on me, and I know nothing!—Oh, that I could call back the years which are paſt, when I might have learned ſo much! but my thoughtleſſneſs and fondneſs for play has prevented my receiving any benefit from good inſtruction.

Mean while Mrs. Jones was preparing for the approaching wedding; and ſhe found that ſhe muſt buy ſome new ribbons and gloves, and other millinery ornaments. She then determined to go herſelf to a chamber milliner, who had been very warmly recommended to her, that no time might be loſt. She ſoon found the houſe, and knocked at the door of the firſt landing-place. Come in, cried a horrid voice. She opened the door; but how terribly was ſhe frightened when ſhe ſaw a man who looked grimly on

her, as if he could have killed her. It was Mr. Skinpenny, whoſe avarice the whole town talked of; becauſe he only thought of getting money, and often ſcraped pounds together in a very diſhoneſt manner, Though he had hoarded a ſufficient ſum to enable him to live at his eaſe, ſhould he live a hundred years, yet he grudged every farthing he ſpent; his food was bad, and his dreſs dirty and old; and ſo miſerable was he, that he did not allow himſelf any of the comforts of life, unleſs other people paid for them. He now ſat in a chamber, the walls of which were covered with ſmoke; and the floor was ſo dirty that no one could have ſuppoſed it had been cleaned for two years at leaſt. He wore an old morning gown, the colour of which it was not eaſy to diſcover. On the table ſtill ſtood the remains of his ſcanty meal, a herring and ſome mouldy cheeſe; and near them laid heaps of money, out of which he was chuſing the lighteſt to give to the poor people who came to borrow of him, for he gained his large fortune in this manner, and grew rich by taking advantage of the misfortunes of his fellow creatures. Mrs. Jones ſaid, with a trembling voice, Sir, I beg — what do you beg, interrupted he, I have

have not a moment's peace during the day—there is no end of beggars. I told you yeſterday, that I would give you the money if you brought a pledge; but, without it, you ſhould not have it though you knelt till your knees were ſore.

What do you mean Sir, ſaid Mrs. Jones, a little angrily, do you take me for a beggar? and ſhe turned her back to go out. Mr. Skinpenny now recollected her, and was vexed at the miſtake. Oh, you are Mrs. Jones, the rich merchant's wife; I humbly aſk your pardon—I did not at firſt recollect you. Yeſterday a woman tormented me, above an hour, to lend her twenty pounds; I thought I was ſpeaking to her, when I ſaid that you ſhould not have it unleſs you had brought a pledge. Men muſt take care of what they earn by the ſweat of their brow, if they would go through the world like honeſt people. *I am a very poor unhappy man!* not a farthing dare I ſpend on myſelf; for theſe three years paſt I have wiſhed to buy a new morning gown, and have not yet been able to ſpare ſo much money. As true as I ſtand here before you, Madam Jones, laſt winter I thought my hands and feet would have dropped off—it was ſo cold I had no feeling in them,

becauſe I was afraid to keep a fire, coals grew ſo dear during the long froſt—there was no telling what they might come to. Yet every creature who comes to ſee me wants money of me, as if I was made of gold. Believe me, Madam, I am a poor miſerable man, almoſt tormented to death, or I ſhould have recollected you, Madam.

But of what value is all your money, aſked Mrs. Jones, if you make no uſe of it? Ought I not to be careful to provide for my old age? I know not how long God may let me live.—We can never tell what accidents may befal us; I may be bed-rid for many years; and who will give me any thing if I do not take care of myſelf? But, continued Mrs. Jones, you appear to me to be now a very old man, and to have lived longer than men in general do live.

On that very account, ſhould I not be very careful leſt I ſhould come to want at laſt? Beſides, I have a ſon and daughter, whom I muſt pick up ſomething for. But, alas! I have no thanks from them to repay me! They are always plaguing me for money—and why ſhould they come to me, who am an old man? They are ſtrong, cannot they earn their own livelihood? They are old

enough

enough to take care of themſelves. There is no more affection or duty in the world; I know that they reckon the hours, and watch for my death. Miſerable wretch that I am! forſaken by all the world, and even my own children do not love me.

Have you already given them a ſufficient fortune to begin the world with? aſked Mrs. Jones. Not a farthing, replied he, angrily. As long as I live I will not give the ſtaff out of my own hands; when I am dead they may take all; but I am not dead yet.—

If ſo, replied Mrs. Jones, you ought not to wonder if your children neither love nor reſpect you, and wiſh for your death.—But can you tell me where I can find Mrs. Sandford? Yes, ſaid he, ſmiling, glad to get rid of her, ſhe lodges up-ſtairs, you cannot miſs your way.

She then wiſhed him a good morning, and begged his pardon for having diſturbed him. Juſt as ſhe ſhut the door, he aſked, in a faint voice, if ſhe would drink a glaſs of wine? but ſhe curtſied a refuſal, and could, with difficulty, reſtrain a laugh as ſhe tripped up-ſtairs.

She now ſaw a very different appearance. She came into a room, in which indeed there

was no coſtly furniture; but, in every part of it, there was a look of cleanlineſs and order, which refreſhed her eyes after the chamber ſhe had juſt left. At a table ſat Mrs. Sandford, and, near her, two cheerful looking daughters; they were all dreſſed in a decent manner, and buſily employed making hats and caps.

Mrs. Jones was received very civilly; and, after ſhe had purchaſed the things ſhe came for, ſhe requeſted permiſſion to ſit and reſt herſelf a moment, if they would go on with their work. In the courſe of converſation, ſhe admired their induſtry and taſte, and the order ſhe obſerved in their perſons and room. Yes, ſaid Mrs. Sandford, a good education was the beſt fortune I received from my mother, and a good one it proved to be when my money melted away.

She muſt have been a reſpectable woman, anſwered Mrs. Jones.

Yes, ſhe was indeed a reſpectable woman, continued Mrs. Sandford; though ſhe was my mother, yet muſt I praiſe her now ſhe is in her grave. She had a conſiderable fortune, above ten thouſand pounds; but ſhe always reminded me, that proſperity was uncertain: Fanny, Fanny, ſhe would ſay, money is a

ſlippery

ſlippery thing; truſt not to your fortune, the largeſt will waſte inſenſibly away; improve yourſelf: — learn ſomething; if you continue rich, employment will procure you health and content; and ſhould any misfortune deprive you of your inheritance, your abilities and induſtry will enable you to ſupport yourſelf without being obliged to any body. I ſoon found the uſe of my hands; I learned plain-work, made my father's ſhirts and my mother's caps; in ſhort, I learned every thing which a woman ought to know who is deſtined to be a mother and have the care of a family; and I was as gay as a lark; I had time to read, walk and dance; and ſeemed to enjoy theſe pleaſures much more than thoſe who ſat ſtill and thought of nothing elſe. I gained, by theſe means, a ſtrong conſtitution. When I am ſick, I always know what ails me; I never am troubled with thoſe nervous complaints which, I really believe, idleneſs produces; for the phyſicians themſelves do not know what to call them. As I was an only child, and heir to a good fortune, fooliſh people did not think it neceſſary for me to work. Moſt of my acquaintance, who had not fortunes equal to mine, ſpent the whole day dreſſing or viſit-

ing; but I regularly worked and managed the houſe in the morning, and found time to read and write.—Yes, we were all ſo happy at home, that whenever I went to a dance or a play, I longed to return to tell my parents what I had ſeen. I made baby linen for the poor, and gave them broth and coals; I taught their children to read and work—and the country people uſed to bleſs me, and ſay, I ſhould never come to want; and, thank God! I never have.—But I ſhall never forget to love my mother, who is now in heaven, for having given me ſuch a good education; but for her I might now have been an idle beggar. She died young, and left me, when I was only ſixteen, to take care of my father's houſe. Soon after I was of age my father was ſnatched away; but, before his death, he approved of a huſband I had choſen, a reſpectable merchant. I married him, and endeavoured to make his life comfortable, for I loved him. But though he was very induſtrious, he became a bankrupt: he had ventured my fortune in a very promiſing ſcheme; it was all ſwallowed up; and this want of conſideration, he would ſay, lay neareſt his heart. He did not long ſurvive his loſs, he fell into a conſumption and died. He was cut off in his

his prime, only ſix and thirty: and I was left behind with theſe two daughters to maintain and educate, without any viſible means. I remained here, becauſe I hoped, when my huſband's affairs were ſettled, that I ſhould ſtill have ſomething to receive. I contrived to live till I found that I had only a hundred pounds to expect, which would ſoon have been conſumed if I had not remembered my poor mother's words: *if you ſhould ever be deprived of your fortune, you may ſubſiſt by your abilities and induſtry.* I ſpoke then to my acquaintance, bought a little ſtock, and became a milliner: as I wiſhed to attend to the education of my daughters, I did not chooſe to keep an open ſhop. An old milliner, whom I had formerly aſſiſted, recommended her cuſtomers to me when ſhe left off trade; beſides, ſhe gave me ſome inſtruction reſpecting the management of my buſineſs. Since that I have had more work offered to me than I could do; I have never known want, I have given my children a proper education—good girls! they now aſſiſt me, and are the comfort of my declining years.—I have no care, when I am dead they can maintain themſelves. I am content; nay, happier, excepting the loſs of my huſband, than when I

was miſtreſs of a large fortune. My money is gone; *but the induſtry my mother taught me remains with me ſtill, and ſupports me and my children.*

Mrs. Jones rejoiced at having met with ſuch a ſenſible good woman, and determined to ſolicit her acquaintance in her favour. She admired the induſtry of her modeſt daughters, and addreſſing them in a moſt friendly manner, ſhe aſſured them, that they would never know want or care while they followed ſuch an excellent mother's example. She requeſted Mrs. Sandford to viſit her frequently, and allow the young people, when they had done their work, to come and walk with her and her children. Indeed, my dear Madam, added ſhe, I wiſh to become intimate with you, and improve by your inſtructive converſation. I ſhall find more pleaſure in your company, nay, think myſelf more honoured by your viſits, than I ſhould ever feel from the notice of a lady of quality, only diſtinguiſhed by her rank and fortune.

This converſation was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door. Come in, ſaid Mrs. Sandford; the door was opened, and a poor woman entered, whoſe whole appearance ſpoke her miſery.

Have

Have pity on me!—have pity on me! ſaid ſhe, I am a poor unfortunate woman. I have never in my life before had occaſion to aſk charity of any one—but now—now neceſſity impels me to pray you to have compaſſion on me. My huſband, who is a taylor, has by his induſtry ſupported me and my children, in a decent manner, for many years. But he has now been ſick above a month, and unable to earn a farthing; nor can I, for I muſt nurſe him day and night. I have ſix young children who cry all day for bread; and the poor ſick man requires nouriſhment and medicines, while I ſtand by and cannot help him. I am juſt come from a man who lodges in the room under this;—what a hard hearted man! I did not think that there were ſuch cruel people on God's earth. He gave me nothing, though heaps of gold lay on the table; he even called me names; he called me an idle wicked woman, and ſaid that I had ſpent all my money in drams—what cutting words! It is hard enough to ſuffer want; but when our fellow creatures ſhut their hearts againſt us, or reproach us for our miſery, it becomes unbearable.

Why, aſked Mrs. Jones, a little angrily, did you not come to me, and make known your

your ſituation? your huſband has long worked for us, and I always thought him an honeſt, induſtrious man; and ſuch people ought never to ſuffer want. If ſometimes, through ſickneſs or other unavoidable accidents, they happen to be in trouble, every good man ſhould be ready to ſupport them. From this time, good woman, come every day to my houſe, and I will give you what is ſufficient to feed your family, and the nouriſhing things your huſband requires: and here is ſomething to ſupply your preſent preſſing wants. She put half a guinea into her hand, and Mrs. Sandford gave her half a crown; nay, the girls gave her ſixpence a piece out of their little ſavings.

The woman was tranſported with joy. Am I, ſaid ſhe, amongſt angels? Yes, now I ſee that there are ſtill good people on the earth! How I ſhall rejoice the heart of my huſband, and quiet my children when I return home.—God for ever bleſs you all, and give you back, a thouſand fold, what you have beſtowed on me. — May he pour the ſame peace into your boſoms I now feel! She lifted up her eyes to heaven, and hurried out of the room, leaving them all with tears in their eyes.

Mrs.

Mrs. Jones was now obliged to haſten home, after ſhe had once more renewed her aſſurance of friendſhip; and added, that ſhe was very glad that ſhe happened to hear of her, becauſe ſhe had not only become acquainted with a worthy woman; but had had an opportunity of affording comfort to ſeveral people in diſtreſs.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN Mrs. Jones returned home, ſhe found a ſtranger there, who came from Bath to be preſent at the approaching wedding. He was the Curate of a little neighbouring village, and an Uſher at an academy. He was juſt going to take leave when Mrs. Jones entered, becauſe, he ſaid, that he had ſome buſineſs to ſettle that afternoon. Mr. Jones did not then attempt to detain him; but preſſed him ſo warmly to ſpend a few hours at his houſe, before he left Briſtol, that he promiſed

promiſed to come and ſup with them if he could finiſh his buſineſs.

When he was gone, Mary aſked, in a ridiculing tone, why, dear father, did you preſs, ſo much, a man who looked ſo mean and ſimple; that I ſhould be afraid to ſtay in a room alone with him. I never ſaw ſuch a ſtrange looking man; he turns his toes in, his ſhoulders are up to his ears, he makes mouths when he is not ſpeaking; and then, what an old-faſhioned coat he has on; he looks like a ploughman.

Mary, Mary, anſwered Mr. Jones, be not ſo precipitate in your judgment! This man, though he was neglected in his youth, and acquired habits which make him look very awkward, may notwithſtanding be a very wiſe and good man. If you had been neglected, you would now probably have a number of awkward tricks, and it would be cruel to laugh at, or deſpiſe you for them. You have a mother who ſets you a good example, who watches you, ſo that you have not had time to acquire bad habits; beſides, you have learned to dance, and been in well-bred company. But, probably, this gentleman had none of theſe advantages; perhaps, he had a father

who

who could not afford to ſpend much on his education; perhaps, he ſpent his youth in ſtudy, without having any opportunity of mixing with the world; and, at preſent, I believe he has ſo much to do in his ſchool, that he has no time to think of his appearance. Mary ſtill did not like him; and ſaid, can ſuch a man be wiſe? Can he do much good?

Mr. Jones was going to anſwer, and reprove her for her folly, when Mr. Noel entered the room, and interrupted the converſation. He was beginning again to thank Mr. Jones for his kindneſs; but he interrupted him, ſaying, ſpeak no more of it, dear Sir; the beſt way you can thank me, and all that I expect from you, is this, that you will exert yourſelf to become an orderly, induſtrious man; or all I have done, and mean to do for you, will be uſeleſs — and I ſhall be diſappointed. Mr. Noel aſſured him, that he intended to exert all his powers to become what he wiſhed him to be. He then requeſted Mr. Jones to look at what he had done that day, and freely give his opinion. He had written ſeveral French and Engliſh letters, and caſt up ſome accounts. Mr. Jones looked them over, and found them written with more care than he expected,

and

and the accounts were perfectly right. If you continue to be ſo attentive, I ſhall expect to ſee you a rich man, ſaid Mr. Jones, ſmiling; and, in ſpite of fate, you will become reſpectable; for that depends on your conduct, and not on your ſucceſs. Mr. Noel ſaid, that he felt a little tired, not having been accuſtomed to work; but, from the pleaſure he experienced, and the ſecret ſatisfaction he had ſeldom taſted at the cloſe of an idle day, he really believed he ſhould be, in future, happier living an active life, than when he enjoyed all the ſuperfluities this world could afford, and only thought of ſeeking for amuſement.—Alas, Sir, continued he, I have diſcovered that no man can enjoy pleaſure who does not fulfil ſome duty, and purſue ſome uſeful object regularly every day.—We cannot be idle without being wicked.

Now the Uſher returned; his entrance ſeemed to diſconcert Mr. Noel, and he remained ſilent ſome minutes, ſtaring at him. At laſt he ſaid, pardon me, Sir, is not your name Goodman? Yes, anſwered he, but where have I had the pleaſure of knowing you? Were you not once tutor to the ſon of a Mr. Noel of Yorkſhire? Yes, replied Mr. Goodman, and I ſhould have made ſomething

of

of that child if he had not been an only ſon; but his mother was ſo fooliſhly indulgent, that ſhe never let him ſtudy half an hour together, leſt it ſhould make him ſick. Mr. Noel then ſtarted up and caught his hand, ſaying, beſt of men, my benefactor, do you forget little James, whom you formerly inſtructed?—I am he!—You are my preſerver, my more than father—all my comforts muſt I aſcribe to you — you are — He was interrupted by a ſervant who came to tell his maſter that ſupper was on the table.

During ſupper time, Mr. Noel could ſpeak of nothing, but the good inſtruction he had, in his youth, received from Mr. Goodman. I remember very well, ſaid he, how good, how kind you were to me. How many times you deſired me to be diligent, and not waſte all the precious hours of youth in idleneſs. You always repreſented to me, that a man who learned nothing in his youth would ever be contemptible and unhappy; if I had followed my own inclinations, I ſhould have done nothing but play. When you came and took me from my amuſements to receive my leſſons, I was often ſo angry with you, that I wiſhed you a hundred miles off. But you had patience with me, and continued to remind

and the accounts were perfectly right. If you continue to be so attentive, I shall expect to see you a rich man, said Mr. Jones, smiling; and, in spite of fate, you will become respectable; for that depends on your conduct, and not on your success. Mr. Noel said, that he felt a little tired, not having been accustomed to work; but, from the pleasure he experienced, and the secret satisfaction he had seldom tasted at the close of an idle day, he really believed he should be, in future, happier living an active life, than when he enjoyed all the superfluities this world could afford, and only thought of seeking for amusement.—Alas, Sir, continued he, I have discovered that no man can enjoy pleasure who does not fulfil some duty, and pursue some useful object regularly every day.—We cannot be idle without being wicked.

Now the Usher returned; his entrance seemed to disconcert Mr. Noel, and he remained silent some minutes, staring at him. At last he said, pardon me, Sir, is not your name Goodman? Yes, answered he, but where have I had the pleasure of knowing you? Were you not once tutor to the son of a Mr. Noel of Yorkshire? Yes, replied Mr. Goodman, and I should have made something

of

of that child if he had not been an only ſon; but his mother was ſo fooliſhly indulgent, that ſhe never let him ſtudy half an hour together, leſt it ſhould make him ſick. Mr. Noel then ſtarted up and caught his hand, ſaying, beſt of men, my benefactor, do you forget little James, whom you formerly inſtructed?—I am he!—You are my preſerver, my more than father—all my comforts muſt I aſcribe to you — you are — He was interrupted by a ſervant who came to tell his maſter that ſupper was on the table.

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remind me that I ſhould be a very ignorant gentleman, if I did not at leaſt learn writing, arithmetic and to ſpeak French. You ſometimes puniſhed me when I neglected my leſſons, and I then thought you a very cruel man; but now, dear Sir, now I ſee clearly, that no man in the world has been of the uſe to me that you have. Let me tell you, in a few words, my ſituation. My whole fortune is ſpent, and my wife's with it; beſides, I was heir to a rich uncle — but it is all gone, melted away by extravagance, I am ſtripped of every thing; only what I learned from you remains. I can write, caſt up a bill, and ſpeak French.—Yes, I ſtill can do what you taught me; and theſe acquirements procure me bread. My benefactor, I thank you for this; I thank you for every hour's inſtruction I received, for your advice, and the puniſhments you made me undergo.

Mr. Goodman was very much affected by this diſcourſe. He ſaid, it gives me the trueſt pleaſure to find that I have contributed to the happineſs of a fellow creature.

The beſt reward, we ſchoolmaſters can receive for all our trouble, is, that we ſometimes are ſo happy as to live to ſee the good we have done. The buſineſs of education is very laborious.

laborious. Children are, in general, very indolent and thoughtleſs, and give us, through their cunning and pertneſs, much trouble; and they often have ſo little judgment, that they think us cruel when we oblige them to learn their leſſons, that they may not grow up in a ſtate of ignorance, and be unable to take care of themſelves, when they ought to be able to take care of their children. And, for all our trouble, we ſeldom receive ſufficient to maintain our families, and lay by ſomething for our old age. When in theſe circumſtances, our clothes are ſhabby; for, in ſuch caſes, a man has not that time to think of dreſs, which people may ſpare who have nothing elſe to do, and live in abundance. If, I ſay, he acquires ſome awkward habits, from ſtudy or vexation, people are ſo unjuſt as to ridicule him, nay, deſpiſe him, becauſe he has not the manners of a fine gentleman, who only thinks of amuſing himſelf. Indeed, Mr. Noel, if we had not ſometimes the pleaſure to ſee that we have done good, our ſituation would be a very diſagreeable one.

Mary could no longer reſtrain her tears; ſhe roſe from the table, and hid herſelf behind the window curtain, that the company might not ſee her weep. Her father went to her, and enquired,

quired, in a whiſper, what was the cauſe of her tears. I am aſhamed of myſelf, ſaid ſhe; *I have done wrong, I have ridiculed this good man*;—he is a ſenſible man, has done a great deal of good, and has had many things to vex him.—If I did but know how I could make an excuſe for my folly—I would try to forget that I had been ſuch a fool; but I will never again laugh at an old man, becauſe he has on a ſhabby coat.

Her father tried to compoſe her, and perſuaded her to return to her ſeat, after he had ſeriouſly deſired her not to be, in future, ſo haſty in forming an opinion. He added, that the moſt uſeful people ſometimes neglected their dreſs; and have, in the eyes of children and ignorant perſons, an awkward appearance. And many, who, like officers, have fine coats on, and have an eaſy manner of ſpeaking and bowing, are very fooliſh and wicked people. Above all, we ought never to laugh at bodily deformity or poverty, becauſe perſons ſo afflicted have often more good qualities than rich and handſome people, who have not had misfortunes to teach them how to improve their underſtandings, and love their miſerable fellow-creatures. Beſides, if you had acquired more diſcernment, you would have diſcovered

diſcovered in this gentleman's face, ſo much ſenſe and goodneſs, that you would have loved and not have ridiculed him.

Mary now returned to the table, and ſideling, in a baſhful way, to Mr. Goodman's chair, took his hand and looked at him ſorrowfully, as much as to ſay, I am very ſorry that I ridiculed ſuch a wiſe and uſeful man. He kiſſed her, called her a good girl, and ſhe began to ſmile again through her tears.

The company then roſe, after the converſation had turned on the many difficulties teachers have to overcome who wiſh to improve their pupils; and that children, inſtead of playing them tricks, and laughing at their appearance, ought to try to pleaſe them, and render their taſk eaſier. A fooliſh child laughs at every thing it does not underſtand; a good one never forgets that it muſt live many years in the world before it can diſtinguiſh right from wrong.

CHAP-

CHAP. XXIII.

THE next morning they had a very cheerful breakfaſt; but no one in company was ſo gay as Mary. She ſtood ſmiling at the back of her mother's chair, ſtealing a look at her father, as ſhe drank her milk, with eyes ſparkling with joy. Mary, ſaid he, you have certainly been very good, becauſe you look ſo happy.—Perhaps I have, anſwered ſhe, and ſtepping ſoftly into the next room, ſoon returned with her work-baſket full of the muſlin her mother gave her to hem the day before. She put it on the table, and ſaid, you were very right, dear mother, *through perſeverance we may do many things which we thought impoſſible.* Look, look, here are the flounces which you yeſterday gave me to hem. I did not think that I ſhould ever have got to the end; *but, through perſeverance and attention, I have made it poſſible.* Is it not true? If I had got up from my ſeat every moment, had I played or looked out of the window, I ſhould not have finiſhed half my

taſk.

taſk. But I did not do ſo, I minded what you ſaid, mother; I never left my ſeat, but when I could not help it. I heard once a Frenchman in the ſtreet, with dancing dogs; I muſt own that I did wiſh to ſee them; yet, I did not ſtir. My brother came twice to aſk me to come and play with him; but I fixed my eyes on my work, thinking how ſurprized you would all be to ſee it done at breakfaſt time. Yes, dear mother, I am glad I did as you bid me.

Mrs. Jones kiſſed her, and gave her the praiſe ſhe had earned by her induſtry. Enjoy this praiſe, my child, ſaid ſhe; it is ſweet, it is entirely your own; you have deſerved it for practiſing ſelf-denial, and doing more than was expected from you; but when you are praiſed on account of your clothes, you ought not to feel pleaſure, becauſe a wooden doll, without a mind, and which cannot think, may look well in fine clothes.

Yes, continued Mary, I am very glad that it is done, that I conquered myſelf. If I had now much to do, I ſhould be very uneaſy; and think if it was but done! if it was but done! I ſhould have nothing to care for; for if I had not finiſhed it, I ſhould have been ſo vexed—and now here it is all hem-

med—I am ſo glad! and as often as I ſee your gown, I ſhall feel new joy. I ſhall always remember, in future, when I have any thing to do, not to begin any other work till I have finiſhed what I am about.

Mr. Jones was equally pleaſed with Mary's conduct, and adviſed his children to be very attentive to their work and leſſons; and not to allow themſelves to be tired when they ſometimes found them difficult. If they followed this advice, he aſſured them that they would have many happy hours in every ſituation in life. When we think of our work, that we ſtill have much to do, we are often a little diſcouraged; but when it is finiſhed, we ſhall feel the pleaſure Mary now feels.

The children liſtened attentively to their father's advice, and the family ſeparated to fulfil the duties of the day. Mary went with her mother to hear her give orders to the ſervants, and regulate her houſhold matters; and ſhe did not forget the poor tailor and his family; ſhe taſted the ſago which ſhe intended to ſend to him, and put the wine into it herſelf; for, ſaid ſhe to Mary, it is my duty to ſee, that what I give to a poor ſick man is good; but when a rich man dines

with

with us I am not ſo anxious, becauſe he has a good dinner every day at home. Mr. Jones went into his counting-houſe, and Charles to his maſter.

He had already waited for him, a few minutes, in the ſummer-houſe; where he daily inſtructed him and two other children.

This judicious maſter had eſtabliſhed a cuſtom among his little ſcholars, that they ſhould write down, and ſhew to him, what appeared moſt remarkable to them in the leſſons they had received the day before. By this method he not only gave them an opportunity to repeat what they had learned; but he quickly perceived who had been attentive or thoughtleſs.

Little James was firſt deſired to ſhew what he had written; and it was done ſo orderly, that the maſter was very well ſatisfied with it. He had, the day before, pointed out to his ſcholars many different kinds of inſects, and had ſhewn them in how many reſpects they were uſeful. All this James had retained and ſet down. He mentioned the different kinds of food, inſtinct led thoſe little creatures to ſeek for; their remarkable transformations or changes from one form to another; their retreat in the winter; how many little birds lived

on them; and what uſe they were of to man.

When he had finiſhed his recital, the maſter expreſſed how well pleaſed he was with him: I ſee, very clearly, ſaid he, that you have really been inſtructed by my converſation; and that you thought on what you were about when you wrote down the parts you recollected, becauſe they engaged your attention. *You have been attentive.* Still continue to exerciſe your *attention*; always turn your thoughts to your employment, to whatever you apply to, and on the pleaſures you enjoy.

When you walk in a garden, for example, turn your thoughts on the objects about you; on the trees, flowers and herbs which grow near you; on the buds, butterflies and bees, that fly around you; in ſhort, on every thing which paſſes before you. Do this with attention, and you will probably become a great man. Every day you will learn ſomething more, grow wiſer; and all your undertakings will ſucceed like this exerciſe. Pleaſure will flow in on you from every ſide; for you will then remark and feel all that is agreeable or beautiful in whatever you taſte, in every flower which you ſee, and in every bird you hear ſing.

The maſter then took a red book out of his pocket, in which he had a cuſtom of ſetting

ting down what he remarked of his ſcholars, and behold what he wrote: *the thirtieth day of Auguſt has James, by writing a good exerciſe, given a very ſtrong proof of his attention.*

Then James ſmiled; he was happy to think that his father would hear of his attention, and he felt ſatisfied with himſelf.

Now Charles brought his exerciſe, but it was not done half ſo well. He had not only left out many of his tutor's obſervations, but alſo written down many things very wrongly. Reſpecting the may-bug, for inſtance, he had ſet down that it lays its eggs on trees; and of the ſpider, that it was, during ſome time, in the ſtate of a nymph, (a chryſalis).

The maſter was very angry at this, and ſaid, you have certainly been very giddy; you have neither paid attention to my inſtruction, nor to your exerciſe; but you have had ſomething elſe in your head. Is it not true? Have I not gueſſed it? Own it; what were you thinking of?

Charles, aſhamed of himſelf, caſt his eyes on the ground, and ſaid, I am to go to-morrow to a wedding; and the wedding has never been out of my head ever ſince I heard I was to go. I have been continually thinking what pleaſure I ſhould have; what com-

pany I ſhould meet, and how I ſhould play and dance there.

I believe you, ſaid the maſter. Now, dear Charles, try quickly to cure yourſelf of this fault of *inattention*, and let not your thoughts flutter round imaginary pictures of paſt or future pleaſures; elſe you will be good for nothing; you will learn very little; and, in all your undertakings, you will be unſucceſsful, juſt as in this exerciſe; you will not even be in a ſtate to enjoy pleaſure. You will eat and drink, and not taſte how refreſhing it is; you will walk through gardens, fields and woods, and not perceive their beauties, if you do not turn your thoughts to them. Poor Charles!

Charles lifted up his ſorrowful eyes, and was aſhamed to look him in the face.

Am I not right, ſaid the maſter?

Yes, indeed, replied Charles, yeſterday I could do nothing. I began to play on my little fiddle; but no ſound could I bring out, my thoughts were far off. So full was I of the wedding, that I ſwallowed my dinner without chewing my meat, and ſcarcely taſted what I ate.

Indeed, continued the maſter, this bad habit is become very ſtrong; I muſt ſet it down,

down, that I may obſerve it, and try if I can cure you of it. For it is abſolutely neceſſary that you ſhould correct this fault, if you ever expect to become a ſenſible man. *An inattentive man will never make a proficiency in any thing.*

Charles looked ſorrowfully at his maſter, as if he would ſay, pray, Sir, forgive me only this time, and it ſhall never happen again.

But the maſter did not ſuffer himſelf to be moved by his entreaties; he took out the black book in which he always ſet down the faults of his ſcholars, and wrote in it: *the thirtieth of Auguſt has Charles, by writing a very bad exerciſe, given a proof that he* is *very inattentive.*

This vexed Charles, for the black book as well as the red one, was every week examined by his father.

Now came the turn of the other ſcholar, William; but he had not done his exerciſe. When he was aſked why he had been ſo negligent, he ſaid, as an excuſe, that his father and mother had gone, the evening before, a long walk into the country, and taken him with them, ſo that he had not had time to finiſh his exerciſe.

That is certainly a lie, interrupted the maſter.

No indeed, ſaid William, and wept bitterly, you may aſk my father himſelf, if you will not believe me.

It is very probable, continued the maſter, that you took a walk with your father. If James or Charles had ſaid ſo, I ſhould have believed them without further thought, becauſe I know that they always ſpeak the truth. But how dare you expect that I ſhall believe you, when I have detected you in ſo many lies! only laſt week, you told me that you could not finiſh your exerciſe, becauſe you had been obliged to do ſomething for your father. I enquired of him, and found that it was an untruth. Since I know that you are a liar—how can I depend on what you ſay? *we cannot eaſily believe him, whom we have once detected in a lie.*

The black book was then taken out again, and though William declared, with tears in his eyes, that now indeed he had told the truth, his maſter would ſet down: *the thirtieth of Auguſt, William did not bring his exerciſe, and, to excuſe himſelf, he ſaid that he went to take a walk with his father; but I cannot believe him, becauſe I know, that he is a liar.*

If,

If, during three months, continued the maſter, I do not again catch you in a lie, I will believe that you attend to truth, and truſt you.

The leſſons being over, the boys were allowed to amuſe themſelves in the garden. Charles took his play-mates to the little bed his father had given to him, and ſhewed them the flowers and vegetables he had planted himſelf. He began then to gather the ripe ſeed, which he put into a paper bag; in ſhort, to pluck up the weeds and do whatever elſe was neceſſary to be done, and his play-fellows helped him. When they were a little tired, they rambled about the garden, and gratified themſelves with the ſight of the various plants which grew there.

Now the clock ſtruck one. It was the hour when Mr. Jones uſually dined, and all his family were obliged to be punctual, and come immediately to table. Charles told James that they muſt now part, and he looked for William to tell him that it was time to go home; but he could not find him any where. They both called out, as loud as they could, William, William; but no William could they hear, or ſee. They could then only ſuppoſe that he was already gone, and they left

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the garden, ſhutting the door after them. James went home and Charles to dinner.

But William was not gone home. He had hid himſelf in a thick arbour, to play his ſchool-fellows a trick; he imagined that they would be uneaſy, and not leave the garden till they had found him. But when he no longer heard their voices, he began to be afraid that they might leave him behind. He came out of his hiding place, ſought all round for his play-mates, but none could he find. He ſcreamed out, James, Charles, and no one anſwered him. He ran to the garden door and found it ſhut. Now he grew uneaſy. He called out, in a ſorrowful tone, ſometimes James, then Charles, Mr. Jones, and all the reſt of the names he could recollect, he repeated them, without ſtopping to take breath. But how could they hear him, they were all at dinner or preparing for it.

As he could neither open the door, climb over it, nor make himſelf heard, the beſt thing he could have done, was to have waited quietly, till ſome one paſſed by. But he did not do ſo, he was *impatient*; and though it was entirely owing to himſelf that he was ſhut in, yet he looked all round to ſee if he could perceive any living creature to vent his ſpleen on.

As

As he ſaw nothing, he turned all his anger againſt the garden door, which could not offend him or feel his blows. He kicked againſt it with all his force, and he would certainly have ſplit the door, if the pannels had not been very thick. Twenty times had he kicked againſt the door without making any impreſſion on it; at laſt he grew quite furious; bit his lips, collected all his ſtrength, and kicked again. But, oh! what now—his foot ſtuck to the door, and he roared out with pain. He had kicked againſt it with ſuch violence, that a great nail, which ſtuck out, had run almoſt through his foot. There hung the impatient boy, unable to draw his foot back; he tried once or twice, but ſcreamed out through pain when he attempted it, and gnaſhed his teeth through rage. The blood ran out of his ſhoe, and the whole weight of his body reſted on one foot, the other was nailed to the door.

In this dreadful ſituation he remained a quarter of an hour. He turned pale, his legs and all his limbs trembled, and he would certainly have fainted, if by the greateſt good luck one of the maids had not paſſed by the garden.—He then cried out in agony, oh, help me!

The girl, who was terrified by the ſound of his voice, ran quickly to the houſe to ſearch for the key, and opened the door haſtily. By ſo doing, indeed, the nail was torn out of his foot; but the wrenching of it out cauſed ſuch violent pain, that he actually fainted, and ſunk ſenſeleſs on the ground. The girl ran terrified to her maſter, to tell him that William lay half dead in the garden. Then Mr. Jones and his whole family haſtened to him.

The ſad ſight inſtantly filled them all with compaſſion; and Mr. Jones ſent directly for a ſurgeon.

While they waited for him Mr. Jones enquired how he had received this terrible wound; and hearing that he brought it on himſelf, gave him a very forcible warning. My ſon, ſaid he, thy ſufferings are the conſequence of thy *impatience*: When any thing diſagreeable happens to us, we ſhould guard againſt anger, and rather try to compoſe ourſelves that we may think of a remedy, than give way to paſſion: if we cannot find one, we muſt wait patiently till circumſtances alter. *Through impatience we always make things worſe.* If you had waited quietly till ſome one came by the garden, you might have begged them to releaſe you out of your priſon, in which you had not been

long

long confined, and then you would not have hurt your foot. Now the ſurgeon came, and bound up the wound, and ſhrugging up his ſhoulders ſaid, this little impatient boy will be confined a fortnight or three weeks at leaſt.

Three weeks! ſaid William, what a fooliſh creature I have been! I wiſhed not to remain a quarter of an hour in the garden, now muſt I be ſhut up three weeks or more in my room, ſuffering great pain.

The thing was done and could not be recalled. He was carried home, and forced to ſit a month in his room with his leg up; ſuffering great pain, becauſe the nail was ruſty which he drove into his foot, and the wound did not readily heal. While his playmates were enjoying themſelves in the garden, he was obliged to have the wound dreſſed, and have ſome powder applied to it.—Oh! the powder made it burn like fire.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE greateſt part of the following morning was employed in dreſſing Mary like a doll. At firſt they put her on a pair of ſtiff ſtays, and, as ſhe had never worn ſtays with bones in them before, ſhe ſeemed in fetters, and could hardly draw her breath. Then the hair-dreſſer came, he put her hair in papers, which uſed to flow in natural locks on her neck and ſhoulders, twiſted them very hard, and pinched them with hot irons. Poor Mary trembled, becauſe ſhe expected every moment that the hot irons would touch her forehead or cheeks. Every moment ſhe aſked if it would not ſoon be done? but he begged her to have patience, and after curling and frizing her hair above half an hour, he bid her look in the glaſs, and ſhe ſaw a little face peeping out of a curled wig. She had then a ſilk ſlip laced tight to her ſhape, and over it a long gauze dreſs ſo ſtuck out with trimmings and artificial flowers that ſhe could ſcarcely move, ſhe was ſo incumbered with finery.

All

All this being over, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones dreſſed with more care than uſual, out of reſpect to the profeſſor, and that they might appear with propriety in a company, where every one tried to outſhine his neighbour, by the richneſs and taſte diſplayed in their clothes and ornaments, they ſtepped into a coach and drove in ſtate to the wedding.

There they found a large company, amounting at leaſt to forty perſons, all dreſſed in the moſt ſuperb manner. Even Mr. Goodman had a new wig on, and a coat he only wore on particular occaſions. The whole company waited for the arrival of the profeſſor and his bride, who were gone to promiſe before the altar to love, ſupport, and take care of each other in ſickneſs and health. Now they entered, the profeſſor led his bride, and they both ſeemed to rejoice that they had found a friend with whom they could divide the ſorrows and pleaſures of life, and all the viſitors rejoiced with them, and wiſhed that they might through a long life enjoy their happineſs.—The profeſſor left the room; but ſoon returned, leading in an old grey-headed man, in whoſe countenance, though full of wrinkles, there appeared more cheerfulneſs than could

have

have been expected, conſidering his advanced age.

Behold my father, ſaid he to the company, bowing reſpectfully. The father who gave me life I cannot preſent to you, for he has been a long time in his grave; but this generous man has ever ſince his death taken his place, and educated me with all the care and affection of a father. He not only (here the tears ran down his cheeks,) procured me food and clothing; but he took care to have me inſtructed. My fortune, my rank, my dear wife, all, all, I owe to the goodneſs of this excellent man. He was ſo affected that he could not ſay more; he ſilently preſſed the reſpectable old man's hand, unable to utter another word.

The bride approached, and taking from her huſband the hand which he held, ſhe kiſſed it, ſaying, worthy man, from your hands I received my huſband.

The whole company was affected, particularly when the profeſſor addreſſed them, ſaying, my friends, if to-day you enjoy any pleaſure in ſeeing a fellow creature happy, you muſt aſcribe it all to my benefactor.

This benefactor was his godfather, whom he had before mentioned to Mr. Jones, He was

affected

affected in his turn, and after wiping away a tear which flowed down his venerable cheeks, he ſaid, I have not done more than any honeſt man would have done in my place. But it gladdens my old age; I rejoice that I have lived to ſee a man happy, whom I contributed, in ſome meaſure, to make good.—

His knees ſhook, and he looked round for a chair on which he could ſit. The profeſſor inſtantly obſerved it, and taking him by the hand into another room, he conducted him to a ſofa and ſat down by him. Pardon me, my father, ſaid he, for openly proclaiming your benevolence. I know that you ſeek to hide the good which you do from all the world; but my heart was full, I felt ſo forcibly that I owed all my happineſs to you, that I could not remain ſilent. O my ſecond father, I have only teſtified my *gratitude* by words, can I do any thing to give you a ſubſtantial proof, that I have not forgotten what you have done for me—can I give you a proof of my *gratitude*. The good old man ſighed, but did not ſpeak.

Deareſt Sir, continued the profeſſor, if I can ſerve you in any reſpect, give me but a hint, and I will fly to obey you. Only procure me the pleaſure, this happy day, of proving that I am grateful.

I want

I want nothing, replied the old man, I have only a ſhort time to live. But my relation, Mr. Goodman, has a large family; the income he received for being uſher of a grammar-ſchool is ſmall, yet he has taken care to educate his children in the beſt manner. His eldeſt ſon ought to go to the univerſity next year; but how is the poor man to maintain him there? If you could get him placed there on the foundation—

Say no more, interrupted the profeſſor, holding out his hand, I promiſe to take charge of him, he ſhall go with me to Oxford, and I will take the ſame care of him as if he was my own ſon.

The old man was juſt beginning to expreſs the pleaſure this promiſe gave him, when Mr. Jones entered the room. He reſpectfully and cordially ſhook the profeſſor by the hand, ſaying, worthy man, I pray you allow me to call you friend! I have already felt a ſincere eſteem for your talents and learning; but now it is increaſed to veneration, now I perceive that in your proſperity you remember the benefits you received in a ſtate of poverty. *Gratitude exalts a man much higher than learning!*

The profeſſor then conducted his two gueſts to the table, where the reſt of the company waited

waited for them; it was covered with the moſt coſtly dainties; but how taſteleſs were the niceſt bits, compared with the pleaſure he had received from the converſation with his benefactor.

After ſome hours the company roſe from table, to ſhake off, by a little motion, the fatigue of ſitting ſo long; they divided into parties in the drawing-room, every one chooſing the companion he wiſhed to chat and laugh with.

The children ſoon collected together, and they all agreed to go into the garden to amuſe themſelves. There were ten whom the profeſſor had invited with their parents. They were all oppreſſed by the warmth of a cloſe room, in which they had been confined above two hours, ſcarcely able to breathe, and ſighing for freſh air, like fiſh out of water.

Now they ran down ſtairs into the garden; and talked of all kinds of plays. The boys propoſed a race, and as there were more boys than girls, they agreed to run. But it was not very agreeable to Mary; her hair, her ſtays, and gauze dreſs, all prevented her getting foremoſt in the courſe. She had ſcarcely ſet off when her breath failed, and ſhe got ſuch a ſtitch

a ſtitch in her ſide that ſhe was obliged to ſtop to recover her breath. She made a ſecond attempt, and exerted all her ſtrength to overtake her play-fellows; but a roſe-buſh caught one of her flounces and tore it. She diſengaged herſelf and advanced a third time, but a bough got entangled in her curls and diſcompoſed her head-dreſs. Moſt of the other girls ſhared the ſame fate, for they were all loaded with ornaments.

Theſe accidents made Mary look fooliſh; the boys began to laugh at the little woman, and ſhe wiſhed her finery a hundred miles off. To avoid their ridicule, ſhe turned down a walk by herſelf to gather a noſegay for her mother. She ſaw on all ſides beautiful flowers, and bent forward to pluck them; but that ſhe could not do without much trouble, becauſe her ſtiff ſtays hurt her when ſhe attempted to ſtoop.

Full of vexation, ſhe ſlipped from the party to ſeek for her mother. She met her juſt entering the garden, and requeſted her to put her hair in order, and hide the rent ſhe had made in her gown, that the boys might not laugh at her. Shall we not ſoon go home, aſked ſhe.

We ſhall probably remain here five or ſix hours more, before we think of taking leave of

our

our civil friends. But why do you wiſh to go home ſo ſoon? you have here company and amuſement.

And of what uſe is all that, ſaid Mary, when I cannot enjoy any thing. If I had on my cotton jacket and ſtraw hat, then I ſhould be merry, I ſhould run and ſkip; but in this dreſs, I am bound like a priſoner. Sometimes my hair tickles me, my feathers and flowers keep my head ſtiff, and my ſtays continually hurt me. When I begin to play my flounces or flowers are in my way, and every tree catches my frock.—Nay, the boys tread on my train on purpoſe to ſee me look fooliſh. Pray, dear mother, go home ſoon, that I may get rid of this diſagreeable dreſs!

Poor girl, anſwered Mrs. Jones, I pity you. I know very well that a long train, ſtays with bones in them, and tangled hair, are very inconvenient, and that you cannot be as eaſy and gay as you wiſh. For that reaſon I have not till now teaſed you with ſuch uſeleſs parts of dreſs; a good girl requires no ornaments; if ſhe keeps her perſon clean, and puts her clothes on in an orderly manner, people will only look at her good-humoured obliging face. But to-day you even wiſhed to be dreſſed, and I had

had a mind to let you feel how much more comfortable you would have been in your muſlin frock and pink ſaſh. Try now to compoſe yourſelf, to-morrow at this time all will be over! I will comb out your hair and let you have your little jacket and ſtraw hat.

O, if to-morrow was but come! continued Mary.

But wiſhing will not bring it a moment ſooner, interrupted Mrs. Jones. Be patient, go and join your companions, and take care not to appear out of humour, leſt you ſhould diſturb their pleaſures, which will not eaſe you though you may teaſe them; only complain to your friends of vexations which they cannot remedy, play-fellows are not to be put out of their way by the inconveniencies you ſuffer.

Mary promiſed to govern her temper, and forced herſelf to look as cheerful as ſhe could with a pain in her head and ſide.

She went up to Leonora, a rich Baronet's daughter, and taking her good-naturedly by the arm, ſhe ſaid, come Leonora, let us take a walk round the garden; the race does not ſuit well with our fine holiday dreſſes.

But Leonora, was very proud, and drew her arm haſtily back, ſaying, pray Miſs Jones take

care

care, or you will rumple the lace on my ſleeves. She then drew up her head, bridled her chin and turned up her noſe, as much as to ſay, a tradeſman's daughter like you ought not to be ſo familiar with me. The lace on my dreſs is very rich, and the flowers, the fineſt that have lately come from France, continued ſhe, my mother purchaſed them that I might have ſomething to diſtinguiſh me, when I was forced to mix with no-body knows who. For I am a young lady of a good family, and it is inſupportable to ſee citizen's daughters imitate in every thing people of condition, ſaid the Lady who ſo often viſits my mother Lady Upſtart. I had theſe paſte buckles lately ſent home, they were bought of the Prince of Wales's jeweller: what pedlar ſet yours? I never ſaw any thing ſo vulgar. I put mine on for the firſt time when I ſung at a private concert before the Prince. For you muſt know that I am allowed to ſing charmingly; Lord Smoothtongue, who dined at our houſe the other day, ſaid, that I had a fine angelic Italian voice. He ſpoke in French to me too for half an hour, and declared, that I prattled like a native of France. I ſhall ſoon begin to learn Italian, it is not very difficult, but nothing indeed is difficult

ficult to me, I ſhall be able to ſpeak it in ſix months. Thus did ſhe run on, till poor Mary was quite weary of her fooliſh pride and chat, and longed to leave her to enjoy her vain thoughts alone. She looked anxiouſly round for an opportunity, and ſaw a young lady coming whom ſhe had been in company with before. She inſtantly left Leonora and joined Charlotte, ſaying, will you take a walk with me, for this is a ſweet garden? With all my heart, anſwered ſhe; and they turned down another walk, and left Leonora with her fine lace and paſte buckles to count her ſteps, and look in vain at the trees for admiration.

How came you to walk with that proud Miſs Leonora? aſked Charlotte.

By chance, ſaid Mary, but, believe me, I was very glad to leave her. She has been talking as if ſhe alone was wiſe, and all the reſt of the world fools. Yes, yes, replied Charlotte, laughing, ſhe has often ſpoken to me in the ſame ſtyle; I have known her a long time. She can only talk of her accompliſhments, her fine clothes and rank, ſhe deſpiſes other people and all that they have learned. It is true ſhe has acquired ſeveral accompliſhments,

for

for her father has á large fortune; but ſenſe ſhe certainly wants, or ſhe would not talk ſo much. I wiſhed to have loved her; but ſince ſhe behaves to me as if I was nothing compared to her, I leave her to her own folly.

The reſt of the company gathered round theſe two girls, and all agreed that Leonora was haughty and fooliſh. Let her go, ſaid Charles, a miſs who knows ſo much is not fit company for us, we might rumple the lace on her fine dreſs.—Who will play at queſtions and commands?

I, I, cried they all, and away they ran to a ſeat at the upper end of the garden to begin the play.

This was the right play for the girls, they could amuſe themſelves without being teaſed by their flounces and feathers. Every child muſt relate a ſtory, recollect a riddle, a little ſong or a proverb; and thoſe who could not call one to mind immediately, were obliged to pay a forfeit. This always furniſhed ſomething to joke and laugh about, and the company ſoon became ſo merry, that their laughing echoed all round the garden.

The haughty, vain Leonora, who ſaw herſelf excluded from this amuſement, was ready to bite her nails with vexation. She walked up

and down the path with a grave ſtep, looking at them as if ſhe expected to be invited by ſome one, to play with them; but no one took notice of her. She paſſed by with a pretty pocket book in her hand, hoping that they would aſk to ſee it, and admire its ſilver claſp and enamelled figures. But inſtead of that the little folks began to whiſper, and then burſt into a loud laugh.

Leonora perceiving that they were laughing at her, ſhe turned away bluſhing with anger, and at laſt began to weep becauſe ſhe could not vent her paſſion on them.

Then ſhe happened to meet her father, who was a ſenſible man, and ſaw with pain that his wife ſpoiled her daughter. What is the matter with you? Why do you weep? Has any accident befallen you? How ſhould I laugh, anſwered ſhe, thoſe children have no manners. They ſit there together, and laugh and play without inviting me. They appear what they are, poor vulgar creatures, I ought not to have expected better from them—would you believe it, when I paſſed by they laughed me out of countenance. Is not that very rude and ill-bred?

True,

True, ſaid her father, it was indeed very rude; but, perhaps, you offended them firſt.

I, anſwered ſhe, I have done nothing to them. I would not demean myſelf to quarrel with ſuch.—She ſtopped ſhort, becauſe ſhe ſaw a frown on her father's brow. She then related to him, that ſhe had only told them how her ſinging was admired, and that ſhe ſpoke French remarkably well; I told them indeed, added ſhe, that I was ſoon to learn Italian, and kept them at a diſtance, that they might not tear my lace, they were ſo rude. Leonora, Leonora, ſaid he, you have acted very ſimply. If you wiſhed to be reſpected and loved, and that people ſhould like to be in your company, you muſt not always ſpeak of yourſelf and your talents, for you will then certainly diſguſt them. You muſt attend to what others ſay, and obſerve their good qualities, and not be eager to obtrude the little you know on every body you meet. I am not ſurprized that they laughed at you. If a man was to be in my company who only talked of himſelf, and took care to let me ſee that he thought me an inferior, becauſe he had a larger fortune than me, I ſhould myſelf laugh in his face. *For a proud man is always ridiculous.*

He took her out of the garden and ſent her home, telling her as he led her to the carriage, that he would take away her fine clothes and ſend her to a little farm houſe in the country, if ſhe did not ſoon appear to have more ſenſe, for pride is folly. A fool may wear fine clothes, but a fool will never become wiſe.

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